

1607/5968.

SHENSTONE-GREEN;

OR, THE

NEW PARADISE LOST.

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SHENSTONE-GREEN;

OR, THE

NEW PARADISE LOST.

BEING

A HISTORY OF HUMAN NATURE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

WRITTEN BY THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GREEN,

AND PUBLISHED BY

THE AUTHOR OF LIBERAL OPINIONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

**“ Had I a Fortune of Eight or Ten Thousand Pounds,
a Year I would build myself a neighbourhood.”**

SHENSTONE.

L O N D O N :

**PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, AT N^o. 47, IN
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.**

MDCCLXXX,

STIMMONT ONE GREEN;

OF THE

NEW PARADISE LOST.

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C O N T E N T S

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

C H A P. XXV.

*The Pensioners are not perfectly happy
on Shenstone-Green, and why? Page 1*

C H A P. XXVI.

An Account of Shenstone-Green Races 12

C H A P. XXVII.

Shenstone-Green Races continued 16

C H A P. XXVIII.

*Mr. Henry Hewit, a Shenstonian, has a
bad Pen and a fine Heart 23*

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XXIX.

*A very bloody Chapter, and a very hard
Crust for the Proprietor of Shenstone-
Green* Page 32

C H A P. XXX.

*The Proprietor exerts himself, and is so
much insulted that he puts an End to
the Chapter abruptly* 47

C H A P. XXXI.

The Sports of false Delicacy 55

C H A P. XXXII.

The same Subject 63

C H A P. XXXIII.

*Human Nature shews off on Shenstone-
Green* 70

C H A P. XXXIV.

The Pensioners are polite 83

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XXXV.

Which introduces an old Soldier
Page 99

C H A P. XXXVI.

*Human Nature looked at in a very
extraordinary Situation* 105

C H A P. XXXVII.

The Reverse of the Picture 118

C H A P. XXXVIII.

*The Whistler whistleth all through this
Chapter* 125

C H A P. XXXIX.

*It becomes necessary to introduce a Con-
stable on Shenstone-Green* 132

C H A P. XL.

*A Discovery which none could have
expected* 150

C H A P.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. XLI.

*Humanity again looks fair, and shines
through her Tears* Page 171

C H A P. XLII.

*Containing a Duel which few Readers
could foresee* 186

C H A P. XLIII.

Which is necessary to the Narrative 197

C H A P. XLIV.

The Particulars of the Duel explained
204

S H E N.

SHENSTONE-GREEN.

C H A P. XXV.

THE PENSIONERS ARE NOT PERFECTLY
HAPPY IN SHENSTONE-GREEN.

IN process of a little time, the inhabitants of *Shenstone-Green* began to be weary of looking on the same objects. They had examined the woods, the walks, the fields, and the flowers, till all these became tiresome. The praise of their patron, Sir Benjamin, indeed, was still echoed from lip to lip, but somewhat more faintly than at first. At length, they found

2 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

so few charms in vegetable nature and still life, that they cast about for new sources of entertainment. The first symptom of inquietude which I perceived, was by means of the following letter that was put into my hands by the steward, to whom it was directed at the lodge.

To Mr. SAMUEL SARCASM, at
STEWARD'S-LODGE, on SHENSTONE-
GREEN.

“ Mr. SAMUEL SARCASM,

“ WE, the four under-written
“ gentlemen, beg of you to repre-
“ sent the following sentiments to
“ our worthy patron; namely, to
“ tell him, that we have all our lives
“ been remarkably fond of the sports
“ of the field, and the glories of the
“ chase;

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 3

" chace ; and, although we were
 " once *beat hollow*, yet, by a new
 " management, are sure of our *sides*
 " for the time to come. What we
 " would, therefore, propose, is, to
 " introduce a little snug stud of
 " running horses, rather for the
 " occasional amusement of the com-
 " pany, than for any more lucrative
 " view. We find, upon examina-
 " tion, that the turf of *Shenstone-*
 " *Green* is remarkably fine for the
 " horses feet ; and, upon measuring
 " the whole circle within the houses,
 " it appears, that it would make a
 " mighty pretty mile and a half
 " heat. With leave then of our
 " patron (against whose consent we
 " would by no means set up even
 " this most manly exercise), we pro-

4 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

“ pose fixing up a starting-post, a
“ booth, &c. upon the *Green*, and
“ to have our monthly matches.
“ This will be attended, Mr. *Sarcasm*,
“ with no charge to Sir Benjamin,
“ unless he chooses to encourage the
“ institution so far as to give his
“ purse of twenty guineas, more or
“ less, to be run for by four year
“ olds; which, might be a bounty-
“ money in the capacity of patron
“ of the course. With regard to
“ horses, we flatter ourselves, that
“ few men in Europe have bred
“ better blooded things; and if we
“ have been usually *distanced*, it hath
“ always been on account of bad
“ jockeyship, and not for wanting
“ skill in horse-flesh. We do not
“ doubt bringing as fine a show of
“ cattle

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 5

“cattle in a few weeks, as ever
“were seen; and as to the times of
“running, &c. we will consider
“about that. Meantime, are

“Mr. SAMUEL SARCASM’S

“Humble servants,

“*Alexander Spur.*

“*Simon Slapdash.*

“*Christopher Cutcord.*

“*William Whipwell.*”

This proposal was instantly laid
before Mr. Seabrooke, who set up a
long whistle, and said, he had a great
mind to laugh at human nature.

For my part, sir, said the steward,
I think one has more reason to cry
at human nature than to laugh, for

6 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

I never yet found her four and twenty hours in the same mind in my life.

But what is to be done, my dear Seabrooke? said I,—what is to be done?

Whew—cried this singular man, catching up his hat and stick, and walking off—*Whew*.

Lord, papa, said Matilda, I cannot see any harm in the gentlemen's amusing themselves with a few horses; besides which, it will be so charming to have *Shenstone-Green Races*. It will be such an amusement for all the ladies and gentlemen, who may see the whole course from beginning to end. Then it will bring such a world

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 7

world of good company. Who will not go to *Shenstone-Green Races*? Oh, heavens! I like the idea of all things. Pray, papa, say yes. Let us have a race by all manner of means.

Well, well, my dear, said I, go and join Mr. Seabrooke (who, I perceive, is whistling away in the court), and I shall consider of it. When I had the steward alone, I shut the door, and seizing him by the hand, spoke thus:

My old friend, I do not well know why, but I tremble upon this subject. These four gentlemen are, I fear, going to introduce upon us a dangerous entertainment.—Pray what are their particular circumstances; that is, how are they situated?

8 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

On my private pensioners-list, fir, they cut rather a queer figure of four. Let me see—I have the catalogue about me, I think—Aye; here they are. They come under the letter J—jockies—jockies, where are you—Oh, here we have them.

SPUR—*Alexander*. Beat out of New-market eight times—a good-natured man, very honest; but, a lover of the sport.

SLAP-DASH—*Simon*. A good son and a tender husband (while horses are kept out of his sight) would merit the pension, if he were not to meet on the *Green* any gentlemen sportsmen.

CUTCORD

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 9

CUTCORD—*Christopher*. Thought to be as *knowing a one* as ever was —*taken in*. In other respects, a harmless gentleman. Is said to be the best shot, also, in England. Made a point of shoeing his own horses, and always rode himself.

WHIPWELL—*William*. Is so broken to the bit, that when he had ruined himself, and, literally, RUN himself into jail, he had the bridle and saddle of his bay colt, Zephyr, imprisoned to keep him company. Otherwise, just, generous, and even moral.

Oh Samuel! Samuel! said I, at the bottom of this account, what is to be done?

It

It does not admit of a question, fir—I wish it did.

What do you mean, Samuel?

I mean, fir, that if you think proper to set beggars on *horseback*, they will ride to the Devil. I know, an't please your Honour, both man and beast.

But the peril of this project, Samuel?

We have only to guard against the effects, fir. You had better submit, with a good grace, to what you have no *power to prevent*.

But one might expostulate, Samuel, in a tender manner, obliquely, delicately, like a friend.

What,

What, fir, expostulate with four young fellows, whose blood is now galloping through every vein of their bodies, and newly put into possession of two hundred pounds a-year for life!—fir, it would be *atrocious*.

I would not *wish* any coercive power to remain with me; but, surely, Samuel, if I were to submit my apprehension of consequences to their judgements.

The judgement of a set of jockies, fir—your honour makes me smile.

Well, then, Samuel, you shall carry them my answer to-morrow.

It is enough, answered Samuel.

C H A P. XXVI.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF SHEN-
STONE-GREEN RACES.

SHENSTONE-GREEN RACES ! said I, when I found myself alone—it has an ugly sound. I could have wished, that—but—no matter. One must expect men will have some amusements ; and, indeed, on second thoughts, if they had *not*, how could they *dispose* of their annuity, or of what service would it be to them ?

These reflexions determined me to send my reply without delay. Subjoined, reader, you have a correct copy :

To

*To Messieurs SPUR, SLAPDASH, CUT-
CORD and WHIPWELL, Esquires.*

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ IF I hesitated a single moment
“ to answer the letter with which you
“ have honoured me, it was upon the
“ most delicate and disinterested prin-
“ ciple. At the time I invited you
“ to favour me with your company
“ at *Shenstone-Green*, it was, be as-
“ sured, with no wish to enslave, but
“ to increase your liberty, and to in-
“ sure to you that independence
“ which is so suitable to man’s spirit.
“ Every thing, therefore, which in-
“ creases *your* happiness, cannot but
“ increase *mine*; because I am per-
“ suaded, that all your joys will cor-
“ respond correctly with the simpli-

14 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

“city and innocence of *Shenstone-*
“*Green*. Thus, although the com-
“mon consequences of running-
“horses are not quite eligible, yet,
“I trust, you will contrive to render
“them a pleasing relaxation to your-
“selves and to others. In this light
“it is, solely, that I see your pro-
“posal. To object to it, therefore,
“had I the power, which I have
“*not*, would be exercising too scru-
“pulous a caution. There are few
“pastimes fatal, but when they are
“excessive—yours will, I trust, be
“agreeable to the law of modera-
“tion. I have the honour to be,

“GENTLEMEN,

“Your most obliged

“And obedient servant,

Mansion-house. “B. BEAUCHAMP.”

Just

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 15

Just as I was sealing this letter,
Matilda and Mr. Seabrooke returned,
and the former was made happy for
the night, on hearing there would
speedily be races on *Shenstone-Green*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVII.

SHENSTONE-GREEN RACES CONTINUED.

A FEW days after this permission was given, I happened to be crossing *The Green*, where I perceived these four worthy gentlemen of the whip in close consultation; the subject of which was, whether the starting-post should be fixed on the east or the west side, or whether the ladies booth, or gentlemen's, should be first erected. One said, as the houses were in a circle that commanded the course, booths of any sort were unnecessary.

I can see from my dining-room window every inch of ground, said Mr. Spur.

I will

I will hold you five to four of that, answered Mr. Cutcord.

And I will go your halves, said Mr. Whipwell.

Double it, and say done, cried Mr. Slapdash.

I left them to settle this interesting dispute, and walked on.

Ah SHENSTONE ! said I softly, this is but a bad beginning. The figure of my friend being full in the centre, I went up to it, and was almost petrified to see the very Founder of the feast plaistered all over with printed advertisements. On examining these more narrowly, I found a formal annunciation of matters intended by the jockey-party, who had stuck and

18 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

Lilled my beloved *Shenstone* from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. One of the advertisements ran thus:

SHENSTONE-GREEN RACES.

MONDAY, May the 1st, the Patron's plate of twenty guineas will be run for by six year olds. (They took this purse for granted.)

A sweepstakes of a hundred guineas.

A private match for fifty pounds.

And several other by-strokes.

The horses, intended to start on the first day, are Mr. Spur's *Shenstone*.

Mr. Cutcord's chesnut gelding, *Annuity*; got by Orpheus, who came
out

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 19

out of Eurydice, who was got by Pyrrhus.

Mr. Slapdash's bay filly *Rent-free*, who came of *Good-nature*, who was from that famous horse *Liberal*.

Mr. Whipwell's grey colt *Beauchamp*.

I went home very much mortified at having seen the sacred marble of my friend polluted, and was just going to express my displeasure, when a servant brought me a card and said it waited an answer. I both read and replied to it almost in the same instant.

C A R D.

Messrs. Spur, Whipwell, Cutcord, and Slapdash present their affectionate

compliments to their best friend, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp—inform him they have great reason to hope he will approve the measures they have taken with regard to the approaching races, as they have testified their respect to Sir Benjamin even in the names of the horses, one having the honour to be called *Shenstone*, the second *Annuity*, the third *Rentfree*, and the fourth *Beauchamp*.

They will continue to show every instance of their heart-felt gratitude on the most trifling occasions, as well as on the present which is important.

A N S W E R.

Sir Benjamin Beauchamp is ever flattered by the kind attentions of the

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 2F

gentlemen who have now so particularly *distinguished* him; but begs it as a favour, that the figure of Mr. *Shenstone*, in the centre of the Village, may be considered as the image of a friend whose generous ideas were the *basis of the Green*, and whose very statue, therefore, Sir Benjamin cannot bear to see disguised or disfigured.

In an hour after this was sent off, I understood by Mr. Seabrooke, that ample justice had been done by the jockies to *Shenstone's* statue, which was not only cleared of its incumbrances, but washed and rubbed into the bargain.

I walked out to see the alteration, and felt my heart so elated, that I told Mr. Seabrooke I could not but

22 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
consider this sudden reverence to
our poetical friend's pedestal, as a
good symptom. It is *respectful*, Mr.
Seabrooke, said I.

I like it, said Mr. Seabrooke: I
like it.

C H A P. XXVIII.

MR. HENRY HEWIT HAS A BAD PEN
AND A FINE HEART.

BUT the adoption of errour is easy
and imperceptible: and the races
were not run before poor *Sarcasm*, who
was obliged to wade through all the
flavery of his office, came charged
with other petitions.

A little matter from half a dozen of
your honest *tradesmen*, sir, said Sa-
muel, as he came into the room,
where were seated Mr. Seabrooke and
Matilda.

Let us see, Samuel: Pray is it
good or bad news?

It is human infirmity, sir.

C 4

. Then

Then I must pity it, said Seabrooke, and whistle.

I heartily pity it too, said Matilda.

The paper being laid open, presented to me the subsequent composition, of which I shall not even alter the orthography.

To HIS HONORABLE WURTHYNUSS

Sir B. BEECHUMPE,

A BARROW KNIGHT.

“Your honorable wurthynefs is
 “desired to hear fix of your loyal
 “tradesmen. Who finds that you
 “have been so honorable as to insta-
 “tutes rases: a thing which all the
 “wurd must like who purtends to
 “tauft. On which accounte we,
 “who signe this, want to make it a
 finished

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 25

“ finished affair. Seeing that rases
“ are going for to be run, we beg
“ your honorableness will give us leaf
“ to fite cocks, an amussmunt we
“ have long likked. We would
“ make our cockpit on the Green,
“ and know where we can have gin-
“ gers, *redbreasts*. and *yellow-leggs*
“ which will fite till they die. Not a
“ runner in any of the whole pennis.”

I had not time to read the names of the people concerned in this letter, before Matilda cried out, Gracious god, is it possible ! and just as she had uttered that exclamation, in came a man in a violent hurry whom the reader will recollect as a pensioner under the name of Henry Hewit.

Sir, sir, Sir Benjamin, said Henry, quite out of breath, I have
heard

heard of another plot against your honour, but it won't take; I'll be your friend yet; I am Henry Hewit.

What's the matter, Henry?

The cocks, fir, and the cock-fighters. If you let such a bloody piece of business as that come upon your Green, you may look for murder and all manner of sins after. Here I am, fir, that never killed a creature, to my knowledge, in the way of sport, in my life. And if I do but catch a spider (which I hate more than any thing else) I break his web to pieces, only to save him from doing his mischief, for his web, fir, is his net, and there it is he hampers his prey. No, fir, don't, pray don't
let

let cockfighters come amongst us. Tell the folks, they may have cricket or fives. If a child of mine was to love cockfighting—I—I—I don't know what I should do to him—I—I—I verily think I should not bear the fight of him again for *ten minutes*. Let me beg of you, sir, to consider of it.

Whew—said Mr. Seabrooke, rising up out of his chair, the world, which the boy Alexander won, ought to be given to that man. He would make it happy.

Mr. Henry, said Matilda, you are always giving me a pain in the head, I think. I protest I have such a stroke here that I must take the air a little.

Better

Better the head ache than the heart-ache, Miss Matilda; and God knows you'd think of me if you were to see the poor dears go to mangle and murder themselves for nothing.

Insufferable—insufferable, the fellow's insufferable, said Mr. Seabrooke. I must follow Matilda.

When the wind is in this corner, I have always weak eyes, cried Samuel Sarcafm, blowing his nose.

Then don't go to the cockfighting, Master Sarcafm, rejoined Hewit, for that will make 'em worse, I promise thee.

Whew—cried Seabrooke, running out of the room.

Well. fir, added Henry, what may I say!

Alas!

Alas! honest Hewit, said I, at the time of providing a town, I did not provide against the follies nor the vices of its inhabitants, whom, indeed, I took care to have such as were least subject, in my opinion, to either vice or folly.

Then, sir, I am sorry for it, and will take care to be out of the way when the fighting bouts come on.
Your Honour's humble servant.

He went away.

But you have yet some authority over your tradesmen, sir, said the good steward, and, I think, might take upon you to forbid a thing of this nature. Suppose we go down together to the tradesmen's-corner and argue the point personally. Cock-fighting

30 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
fighting, sir, is really atrocious: the
idea hath made me sick.

Pleased with the proposal, we set
off for Tradesmen's-corner, where a
croud was just at that instant collected,
to see a pitched battle between a Shen-
stone-Green butcher and a Shenstone-
Green baker. The blows that re-
bounded on their naked bodies were
heard at a considerable distance, and
the cries of *strike him, strike him*, at
him *Tom*, at him *Dick*, echoed from
men, women, and children, who all
seemed to be highly delighted with
the entertainment.

Sarcasm prudently stopped short,
and asked me, if I did not think we
might find a less bloody opportunity
for an humane business?

O Sa-

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 31

O Samuel, said I, it in is vain to
forbid those to fight cocks, who have
a passion for slaughtering one another.

The sooner we go home to bed,
sir, the better, said Samuel. Let us
shut our eyes for a few hours—
against the species.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIX.

A VERY BLOODY CHAPTER, AND A
VERY HARD CRUST FOR THE PRO-
PRIETOR OF SHENSTONE-GREEN.

I N due time, reader, the races were run, and the cocks were fought. Would to heaven the worst misfortune attending these amusements had been the disfiguration of the beautiful grass-plats of *Shenstone-Green*, and throwing idly into the air a large sum of money! This, however, was but a part: For the days of the race and of the cock-fight were distinguished by many other more memorable circumstances. The bills of both the diversions being assiduously distributed, we had an inundation of
strangers

strangers pouring in from all quarters, under pretence of seeing *Shenstone-Sports*. Amongst others, came padding into our territory, some of those shameless women who always attend every dissipated exhibition; and I absolutely heard a hawker, crying out, while he was running through the ranks between the heats, "A List of the Sporting Ladies, Gentlemen. "A true List of the Sporting Ladies "on *Shenstone-Green*."

Turning, with rapid indignation, from this unforeseen misfortune, I went to another part of the race ground, and came full in the face of an outrage still more fatal. Exalted above the heads of the people were a mountebank and his men exerting all the ruinous chicane of their itine-

34 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
racy. The chief of these vagabonds
harangued the multitude on the in-
estimable virtues of his universal
nostrum, and I could see plainly his
eloquence was but too palatable.
Many bottles of a precious drop,
and many boxes of an invaluable
powder, were bought of these em-
pericks *then*, which are lying in the
bones of the silly purchasers at this
moment.

Seabrooke set up a whistle on seeing
the quacks, and, jumping up on the
scaffold, offered to buy their whole
stock in trade.

That will be impossible, sir, replied
one of the fellows, for any man in
this or in a much richer nation to
compass. For I have phials, that
scarce

scarce hold a thimble full of liquid, which are worth a world each.—Buy our stock in trade, indeed !

Could I have bought them, said Mr. Seabrooke to me in a whisper, I would certainly have chucked the whole purchase into one of the basons of water ; and, by poisoning all your fish, Benjamin, convince the people what they were at. After which, the vender might have been led out of *The Green* victoriously by the nose. As it is, my friend, added he, you must not be surprized that the serpents creep out in the sun-shine of *Shenstone-Green*. It is a fine basking place for them to—cast their skins.

Bending my course forward, I came at last to the cock-pit, where

two animals were at that moment engaged in all the ardour of natural animosity. I had scarce time to reflect how it was possible for rational beings to find any pleasure in bringing creatures together to kill or be killed, when the exclamations of, *six to two on the Sable*, and *forty to four on the Ginger*, drove me from the scene of horror. But the violence of the shout still pursued me; and I heard, distinctly, that Ginger was struck through the brain, and Sable came off conqueror, with only the loss of an eye.

But, by this time, the grand running match, which was to finish the evening, came on. I looked round the circle of houses, and beheld

every window stuck full with caps and curiosity. Dogs, men, women, and children, were driven from the course, and all was clear within the ropes. *Shenstone-Green* breathed expectation. Every heart panted, every eye was open. In about a quarter of an hour, four horses were led along *The Green* by four boys, who were followed by four men. These were Messieurs Spur, Slapdash, Cutcord and Whipwell; but he who had seen these gentlemen a fortnight before, must have looked very steadily to recognize them. Besides that they were totally altered in point of dress, they were totally altered likewise in point of *bodily dimensions*. Perhaps there never was naturally, four human beings whose size so

little resembled each other; and yet they appeared now brought to the same standard, yea, to the delicacy of half a dram weight. The truth is, Mr. Slapdash and Mr. Spur (who were both brawny) had been some time *reducing themselves* to match Messieurs Cutcord and Whipwell, who were, happily, as much like skeletons and scarecrows as they *ought* to be. But how such a corporeal reduction could have been performed upon the carcase of Slapdash is to this moment a mystery. Surely, reader, it will be such to thee, when thou art told, that Mr. Slapdash was one of those squabby men whose necks are of the same breadth with the shoulders. His cheeks were inflated with solid fat, and

and his belly held forth that bursting plenitude which is so remarkably apt to collect in a British subject. But Mr. Slapdash had, it seems, made his very *person* the object of a *wager*; and there were very considerable betts depending on his success or miscarriage. In a point of such importance, Mr. Slapdash, willing to increase his fame, by diminishing his flesh, shut himself up in a dark room, on the fifteenth of April, and sweated himself near dissolution. None but the persons who had laid on *his* side of the question were permitted to see him; and some of these (fearing his flesh would too obstinately cling to his bones) played upon him several little tricks, that might tend to his diminution. At one time

40 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

they contrived, just when the sweating draught was operating, to introduce into his room a large cat shod with walnut-shells; at another, one of the wags assumed the shape of a spectre in a white sheet, and clanged a chain in the dead of night at his bed side. At other times, they enveloped him head over heels in so many blankets, that he could scarce breathe under them. By such kind of sudorifics he had the good luck, at last, to melt down all that superfluous health and force which stood betwixt him and glory; and to the dismay of those who had betted on the continuity of his corpulence, he came out of his flannels, on the first of May, as meagre and as miserable a looking mortal, as ever disgraced
that

that noble animal which he was to bestride.

As you, my good reader, did not see the exact copy of the last bill, which described the several dresses of the gentlemen-jockies, I shall just acquaint you, that Mr. Cutcord's jacket was blue; Mr. Whipwell's, yellow and white; Mr. Spur's, crimson; and Mr. Slapdashes, morone. They walked their steeds to the starting-post; they were separately weighed in the scales, and set off. What a thrilling moment!

I looked with all my might for the pleasure which is said to lie *full in the view*, when four men on horse-back are resolved to outstrip one another in speed, as much and as far as possible.

possible. I am almost afraid, lest I should ruin the credit of my book with all jockies, should I confess, (which, were I not persuaded those gentlemen never read, I should *not* venture) that I could not work myself up to one poor sensation of satisfaction. The whole appeared to me so perfectly a matter of the same consequence, that I did not care one farthing about it. To be the *first* I could not think any honour, and to be last I could not imagine any shame. I asked Mr. Seabrooke's opinion of this. Have *you* any warm feelings, my good friend?

Whew—answered Mr. Seabrooke, wheeling away to another part of the ground.—Feelings—Whew.—

Not

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 43

Not so the spectators. No sooner did the jockies come to the pushing-place, than the confusion of the chace began; and, as the horses approached that part of the course where the grand trials were to be made, where the whip was to be cut into the flank, and the spur dug into the side, the loudest acclamations of passion and of pleasure re-echoed to the shore. What that could agonize *my* heart did I not hear! fifty guineas to five (cried one) on the Crimson. An hundred to a China orange on the blue. Morone against the field, said a third. Shillings against guineas to any amount that yellow is distanced, hollowed a fourth. My *pension* against *yours*, sir, cried two others, who

44 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
who were clattering their sticks and
clapping their hands, what say you?
My *pension* to yours? Say done if
you dare.

Done, fir, done, answered the
other.

In the midst of this uproar came
up to me, in a violent hurry, Mr.
Edward Elixir, who was so pleased
and so vexed, that he had alternately
laughed and cried during the whole
course; but there is no staying long
in one place to-day, fir, said he, and
away he bounded from side to side
as rapid as a roebuck.

Mr. Seabrooke busied himself in
driving off a parcel of brats who
had taken possession of *Shenstone's-*
statue,

Statue, from the top of whose pedestal they had, it seems, a full view of the sport. I incontinently begged *pardon*, sir, said Seabrooke, of the figure; and talked to it on the ungentle doings of the day, as if it had life.

But the honours of the course were much divided, and much obstructed. In turning a difficult corner, *Beauchamp* ran butt against *Sbenstone*, and had well-nigh foundered the former; after that, *Beauchamp*, having *too much rein*, ran on the wrong side the post, and stumbled on the fetlocks of *Annuity*, which *Rent-free* perceiving, whipped up and was scouring away on the stretch of victory (which he would certainly have

46 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
have gained) had not *Annuity* that
moment got upon his legs, passed
Rent-free like lightning, and carried
off the prize. *Shenstone* was brought
in, dead lame; and *Beauchamp* was
beat hollow.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXX.

THE PROPRIETOR EXERTS HIMSELF;
AND IS SO MUCH INSULTED, THAT
HE PUTS AN END TO THE
CHAPTER ABRUPTLY.

I RETIRED from the course in
some confusion, and secretly re-
solved to attempt some preventative
against the further increase of these
disorders. In the mean time, the
night was passed by the *Shenstonians*
in riot and revelry, in the fury of
planning new follies, and in the
triumph of relating the past. Upon
surveying the scene the next morn-
ing, it is difficult to describe the ap-
pearance of a change so perfect.
The soft carpet of verdure that be-
fore

48 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

fore covered the plain, was torn into raggedness by the trampling of beasts and the bufflings of men. The tender vegetable fences, which before separated one man's portion from that of a neighbour, were gapped and broken. The flowers lay scattered about their beds in fragments, and the whole scene was *disemparadised*. As I cast my eye forlornly over the prospect, it brought to my mind these verses of Milton.

“ Thus began

“ Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord,
“ first,

“ Daughter of Sin, amongst th' irrational,

“ *Death* introduc'd, through fierce *Antipathy*;

“ BEAST now with BEAST gan war, and FOWL

“ WITH FOWL.”

But my anger increased as I continued to view the ravages; and in
order

order to check such violent amusements for the time to come, I immediate issued forth the following edict:

WHEREAS it was no part of the author's intention in building *Sbenstone-Green*, and cultivating the land about it, to destroy its beauty in the very first summer, by the introduction of *cruel entertainments*; I do hereby intreat, that, for the future, all such entertainments (if they are carried on at all) be out of the precincts of the said *Sbenstone-Green*, which is already so much damaged, that it will require time before it can be brought to its former state of rural elegance.

— BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP.

This notice was no sooner gone abroad, than it produced very different consequences. First came a card, written by the parson of my village.

C A R D I.

THE Reverend Mr. Cushion presents his most respectful compliments to his worthy patron, Sir B. Beauchamp; and, in the name of a very amiable body of the pensioners, male as well as female, returns him sincere thanks for his active endeavours to banish from *The Green* an amusement so perilous and so unchristian. They consider the gardens and the morals equally concerned in this inhibition, and hope it will tend to *re-create* order and regularity in the noblest

noblest society that ever was instituted.

Parsonage-Place.

The pleasure I felt on the receipt of this note was great; but it was effaced by the next.

C A R D II.

Your *Proclamation*, Sir Benjamin, was pleasant; it had all the air of majesty about it. As to amusements, they depend upon taste. If we have hurt the flowers, we are willing to pay for them amongst us *three* (for Mr. Whipwell, who rode Beauchamp, has run from *The Green*). However, as loyal subjects, you may depend on it, we shall, as in duty bound, readily obey any commands

E 2

you

52 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
you are graciously pleased to impose
on

A. SPUR.

C. CUTCORD.

S. SLAPDASH.

As this was, formerly, a pretty
hard morsel for me to digest, so, I
conceive, it may be for the reader.
I do not see, therefore, how I can so
properly show my respect for him,
as to end the Chapter at this crisis;
in which, my gentlemen of the whip
and short waistcoat figure so much—
LIKE THEMSELVES.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXI.

THE SPORTS OF FALSE DELICACY.

IT was by setting the politeness of the one against the rudeness of the *other*, that I was able to strike the balance without any considerable depression of spirits. We must always agree to a compromise between good and evil fortune. If, said I, weighing two circumstances, a few unruly and uncultured characters rise up against the very shadow of government, there are other minds so much better disposed, that pain and pleasure are at least equipoised. Nay, the latter is, in the present case predominant: For who will compare five or six cockfighters and jockies, who have

E 3 returned

returned to their old infirmities, to upwards of thirty regular persons whose gratitude is ever warm, and whose love of order will continue to increase the felicity of our society? Perhaps my last injunctions might, after all, be carrying my wishes beyond my power. I may, perhaps, have stepped over the decent limits of that sacred law which every man should tremble to violate while he is conferring a benefit. The rights of hospitality are so extremely delicate, that while distress or poverty is under its protection, the greatest caution should be exerted. For the future I am determined to be more circumspect.

At the conclusion of this soliloquy in came Matilda, introducing to me a
female

female friend and a young pensioner. I pretended to receive them as new faces, or, at least, such as I had only transiently seen at the time of their initiation. But, in reality, they were that very Sidney and Eliza whose peculiar passion for each other hath been already delineated.

Mr. Seabrooke was not at home. He was hunting May-ladies in the wood.

Amongst many intricate scenes which I have seen pass in the company of four people, that which was in this interview acted by our extraordinary lovers, was not the least.

I, who was in the secret, soon found out that there was a double plot

56 SHENSTONE GREEN; OR,
to be sustained, for Mr. Sidney was to
pass as a casual acquaintance, and
Eliza was not to betray the least
traits of her affection even to her
friend Matilda. Let us see how this
was performed. Nature hath not often
assumed a more delicate disguise.

In compliment, perhaps, to me,
the conversation turned—notwith-
standing we were then at the *tea-table*
—upon the pleasures of pure *bene-
volence*; and upon *Shenstone-Green*.

It warms the heart in such a manner,
said Eliza: It so anticipates the
elysium we are to expect hereafter—
It brings so much of heaven down
upon earth—Then it gives such op-
portunities of bringing old friends
together. (Here she glanced her
eye towards Sidney.)

Madam,

Madam, said Sidney—a little disconcerted—is there any thing amiss about my person that you are pleased to honour it with so *particular* an attention?

No! said Eliza (rather blushing).

Is your tea made to your liking, dear Eliza? said Matilda.

Perfectly, replied Eliza (willing to turn the conversation by adverting to trifles), I lately take a great deal of sugar.

Indeed, cried Sidney, you are much changed then; for I remember——formerly——

What do you remember, Mr. Sidney? said Eliza (interrupting him for

58 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
fear he should finish his blunder)
What do you remember?

I think, said *I*, (willing to give a good-natured lift) we are quite *still* after the hurry of our last week's amusements.

Amusements! do you call them, Sir Benjamin? said Eliza. If I had any of my family who could encourage; or, if there was any person whom I *respected* that did not reverence *you*, sir, for the manner in which you expressed your displeasure on that occasion, I should hate him.

As I hope to be saved (exclaimed Mr. Sidney with uncommon earnestness) *I* could never bear the idea, Eliza. You know it.

You,

You, Mr. Sidney—what right had I to suppose—that *you*, Mr. Sidney.—

It was the gentleman's humanity that gave him so much emotion, madam, said I, and I am persuaded, he will rather be applauded than censured, for the exertion of such a virtue by Miss Elliot.

But Mr. Sidney's virtues, sir, are always so much of the violent kind, answered the lady.

Always, madam, said the gentleman?

How can Mr. Seabrooke, possibly be in that filthy wood, said Matilda, when he might be so much more agreeably engaged.

Filthy wood, Miss Beauchamp, cried Sidney—filthy wood, do you call

60 SHENSTONE-GREEN OR,

call it.—Oh! my God! *Eliza*, I believe, will not subscribe to the propriety of that epithet! Filthy wood!

Why should you suppose so, Mr. Sidney, said *Eliza*. I see nothing very remarkable that—that.—

Not remarkable—Oh! Miss Elliot—how you talk!—Was it not in that *blest wood*.—

Blest wood, Mr. Sidney!—

That—that the birds, and—and—

Pray Mr. Sidney, said I, do you not think the walks are tolerably laid out, and the benches well fixed upon the whole?

Admirably fir, replied Sidney; but we shall know more of it to night, for—

Mr.

Mr. Sidney, said Eliza. *Mr. Sidney!*

For *I* intend to walk in it.—Sir Benjamin, that's all.

What, *alone*, said Matilda?

Unless, madam, Sir Beauchamp would permit me the honour——
the honour——

Hem—hem, coughed Eliza with all her force. The honour of—of your.—The poor fellow had got into a mistake, of which he could by no means clear himself.

No, said I, touching Matilda gently on the cheek; my little friend here, seldom goes out of an evening.

Mr. Seabrooke and I, are to play at chess, papa—answered Matilda, smiling.

The

The eyes of Eliza were lighted up in a moment. Sidney seemed as if a load was taken from his heart; and in a few minutes, after Sidney had *formally* invited Eliza to honour him with her hand home, the visitors departed.

No sooner were they gone, than Matilda observed, with great simplicity, that Mr. Sidney was a mighty pretty man, if he had not got such a trick of *stammering*; and that, as to *Eliza*, she said, she never saw her in such a peevish temper before.

Mr. Seabrooke now coming in, I pretended some business on *the Green*, and left them together.

C H A P. XXXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

I WENT immediately to the wood, where, after hunting through many mazes, and stopping to listen at every five paces, I both heard and saw the persons I sought. I had an opportunity to conceal myself behind a cluster of elms, where, I could so shift about as occasion might require, that, had the sun, instead of the moon, been shining, I might have carried on my little stratagem undiscovered. To this manœuvre, it is reader, that I am able to give you the following dialogue.

SIDNEY.

64 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

SIDNEY.

It does not signify talking, Miss Elliot, you have fairly betrayed it.

ELIZA.

No, sir, it is through *your* means that Sir Benjamin and his daughter know the whole matter.

SIDNEY.

The delicacy of *my* passion, Miss Elliot, is—

ELIZA.

Neither prudent nor consistent, sir. Had your passion been *truly* delicate—

SIDNEY.

Had it been. Heavens, madam, am I doubted.

ELIZA.

Mr. Sidney, Mr. Sidney, you have done very ill: We shall be the talk of

Shenstone

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 65
Shenstone-Green. Our passion will be
as public—

SIDNEY.

As Eliza has made it. Sir Benjamin has a right to laugh at the hobble—the hobble which—

ELIZA.

You have brought yourself into.—
It would have been some consolation indeed, had our affection been discovered properly. But as you think we have both bungled—

SIDNEY.

No, madam; not both, *my* heart dictated every word.

ELIZA.

Sir, my tenderness was to the full as *apparent* as yours.

SIDNEY.

Mine, madam, betrayed itself in every trifle; our patron saw it as plain—

VOL. II.

F

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

Not to see mine, sir, would argue
blindness and want of understanding.
When I talked of old friends being
brought together, I looked at you in
such a manner, that it would be im-
possible to mistake my meaning.

SIDNEY.

My tenderness, Miss Elliot, was
still more conspicuous in the way
that I took notice of *yours*.

ELIZA.

But I have better demonstrations,
sir. Think about the affair of the
wood.

SIDNEY.

In *that* madam, I exposed *my* pas-
sion infinitely beyond Eliza.

ELIZA.

'Tis false, you did not, Mr. Sid-
ney.

SIDNEY.

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 67

SIDNEY.

I did. Think too of my embarrassment about the birds.

ELIZA.

Rather remember the delicate confusion of my cough, when you imprudently invited Matilda to walk with you.

SIDNEY.

That completes *my* victory, Miss Elliot, for in that half-uttered invitation, I laid open my tender soul to the whole view of the company.

ELIZA.

You are a very unjust man, and I have a great mind to submit it to Sir Benjamin himself.

SIDNEY.

Rather, madam, let us part for ever; it is but too clear we shall

F 2

never

68 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
never agree. You never loved
me.

ELIZA.

Not love you, Sidney?

SIDNEY.

Oh! Heavens what is the matter
Eliza!

ELIZA.

Nothing—Mr. Sidney.

• SIDNEY.

Your dear eyes are wet—Oh!
heavens, forgive me; forgive me
thou best of women!

ELIZA.

Ah! Sidney—Sidney!

SIDNEY.

This kiss is the seal of our eternal
reconciliation—come my best love—
the dew falls—you may catch cold—
let me conduct you home.

These

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 69

These two sensitive souls now embraced with the fondest affection, and going home, lingered a few minutes at the door of the lady, and then parted.

C H A P. XXX.

HUMAN NATURE SHOWS OFF ON
SHENSTONE-GREEN.

FOR two or three days after my edict about the impropriety of racing and cock fighting, the *Shenstonians* were remarkably tranquil; and I was just on the brink of felicitating myself hereupon, when the steward came to the Mansion-house with a bundle of papers, whose very size threatened an invasion of the peace.

What have you got there, Samuel? said I. As much as I can well carry sir, replied Samuel, laying down his load, and adjusting his grey locks.

But

But of what kind Mr. Sarcaſm?

Of poor human nature, an't pleaſe your honour. She is always ailing fir, and, like a ſick man afflicted with a complication, one diſorder is no ſooner cured than twenty more make their appearance.

While the ſteward was making this phyſical remark, he looſened the red tape which was tied round the papers, and preſented them to me in the following order. To begin with trifles, fir, amuſe yourſelf with N^o. 7.

N^o. 7. was directed—To the knight *of the noble ſoul*, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp.

MOST BENEVOENT BARON,

HEARING that you have erected a whole town at your own expence for the good of the public, we, the most unhappy part of it, do humbly address you from our prison-house, his majesty's Fleet, where, we are at this time confined from the wholesome air, for honest debts. The persons, who are chiefly concerned in this epistle, are not the poor devils on the *common side*, who are huddled together for paltry demands, and are reduced to live on the king's generous allowance of bread and water; but *gentlemen*, sir, gentlemen who have formerly cut their figure in the fashionable circle; kept it up for several years

years together, and made the stones both of London and Paris fly before them. Not a single man of us but was nabbed for a debt of distinction; five or six hundred pounds the smallest. But we find our time hang so very dragging, fir, that we have resolved to address your noble soul in our behalf. Your scheme being to relieve the embarrassed, where will you find men more embarrassed than such as are deprived of their liberty; who had exhausted all credit before they were arrested; and who, consequently, can live in jail only upon the catch? Your benevolent buildings therefore upon Mr. *Shenstone's* basis—(by the by, that *Shenstone* is much obliged to you for bringing him into vogue, for none of *us*, who sign this letter, ever heard

heard his name before)—are the only asylums which can be of any comfort in our situation; because, as we observed above, we had better remain in the Fleet, than be let out without any future provision; and your plan appears to be the only one adopted in the present age, where a gentleman somewhat faded can polish himself up again. Though our debts amount, collectively, to about ninety thousand pounds; yet we are well convinced, our creditors have such an idea of us, that they will chearfully take sixpence or a shilling in the pound. So that for a mere trifle, you may make the compromise. We wait for your reply, on the *wrong side* of brick walls and iron bars; so no more need be hinted to your
known

known humanity. But, as a further argument in our favour, we cannot in justice to ourselves, omit showing you, by some proofs, that, we did not come here for any petty, piddling, ungentleel claims. Annexed, therefore, you will receive a short sketch of our respective actions, none of which, we flatter ourselves, can ever entail disgrace upon men of family, spirit, and

Your most obedient,

Humble servants.

The

76 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

The names of my most obedient
humble servants were inclosed in the
following

L I S T.

SPLITCLOTH *against* FREDERICK

FLASH, *Esq.*

FOR cloth furnished and	£.	s.	d.
clothes made, as by			
bill delivered —	700	17	7 $\frac{1}{2}$

N. B. This debt was not more than
seven months standing, and F. Flash
was esteemed the best dressed man
in England all that time. Split-
cloth has declared he will take the
odd 17s. and 7d $\frac{1}{2}$. and F. Flash to
pay original cost of writ, and prison
fees.

PERSIAN *against* GAYMAN,

FOR one thousand pounds worth of mercery, sent by said Gayman's order, to the lodgings of Miss Snoozle, N^o. 11, Bond-street.

N. B. Snoozle set the fashions for three parts of the summer. The vogue was nothing but Snoozle-caps, Snoozle-hats, Snoozle-hoods and Snoozle-facks; it was even a fashion to say such or such a thing that had any pretensions to air, was à la Snoozle. The last time Mr. Gayman saw this lady, was just when Persian's writ was served upon the said Gayman, at *her* apartment.

POLICY

POLICY *against* HAZARD.

Mr. Hazard though originally *in*, at the suit of Policy, a broker, hath twenty-eight detainers, amounting in the whole to a sum not exceeding thirty thousand pounds; and if Sir B. B. does not stand his friend, must lie for life. Mr. Hazard's case is particularly hard. He was the man who, some years ago, rendered himself famous by insuring tickets in the lottery, and bought up as many wholes, as would have made him the richest commoner in England, had his purchases consisted of prizes instead of blanks. Mr. Hazard is still more to be pitied, in consideration that he, in conjunction with some others, ruined himself by playing at
push-

push-pin one rainy evening, when they nor he had any other intention than to pass the time betwixt tea and supper. But men of real spirit can never answer for themselves when set in for it.

As I saw the list was made out wholly on the same principle, I did not think it necessary to go on, but, with great marks of amazement in my countenance, asked the steward, if he supposed this letter was sent in the way of waggery or seriousness?

Bless me, answered Samuel, your honour seems to know but little of things terrestrial. { This is to me atrocious. Are you to be told, sir, that the passions can make us believe any thing; and while the miser is
5 priding

30 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
priding himself upon the propriety of putting a thousand pounds into his chest, the prodigal thinks he is doing as meritorious an action in throwing double that sum away? You and I, sir, (who are neither miser nor prodigal) can say this is *wrong*; but if we were engaged in the schemes, either of amassing or dissipating, we should applaud ourselves as well as the worst of them.

That proves, Samuel, said I, that thou art thyself a little near-sighted.

How doth your honour make that out! Have not I always *said*, you were a little bit of a miser, Samuel?

But your honour knows I would never *allow it*. Upon the same principle,

ciple, I have now and then said, since the building of *Sbenstone-Green* that—

I was a prodigal, hey?

But your honour would never *admit* it. In short, sir, the man who commits an error, and the man who criticizes it, have each of them different words to express the same thing. What I call profusion, you call generosity; what you call avarice, I call discretion. So that you may depend on the sincerity of the prisoners in his majesty's Fleet. But lay them by as a foreign matter, and let us come nearer your honour.

He now gave me N^o. 6.

Why this is going backwards said I.

VOL. II.

G

No

No matter, answered the steward, for the order of numbers; I offer them to your honour in the order of importance; beginning with the least atrocious, and so going regularly on to the greater.

Though Samuel said this very coolly, it set me on the tremble. After the petition of the prisoners, I did not expect the matter to soar higher. But you shall judge, reader, how far I was mistaken, when you are in the humour to amuse yourself with the next chapter.

C H A P. XXXIV.

THE PENSIONERS ARE POLITE.

N^O. 6. was addressed to Mr. Sar-
casm.

Pray Mr. Sarcasm signify to our patron, that a very modest family upon the *Green*, are constantly insulted by one of the pensioners who hath the next house; in which he keeps an infamous *madam*, within ear-shot of us. On the first day of the races, we saw her trolloping about the course in a faded silk gown, and a dirty fringed petticoat; on the second day, she appeared in the same dress, walking arm in arm with the above pensioner, and, since that time, she

has been introduced into the man's house, where she sings and swears in such a manner that we are both shocked, and disturbed. These two sit up best part of the night; and about twelve o'clock this morning, a very splendid *vis a vis*, entirely new, and constructed on a French model; made its appearance at *madam's* door. The family who complain of this grievance have *no carriage at all*; nor do they think it consistent with the modesty they ought to maintain under present circumstances; but, they cannot with patience bear to see a *vile creature* exalted above *women of virtue*. To make the matter still worse, there are four more dressed up hussies of this wretch's acquaintance, who are come down in a phaeton and four horses, which

which are driven by a great *gauky* masculine she-thing, who gathers up the reins, and smacks the long whip like a stage coachman. Suggest, therefore, we beg of you Mr. Sarcasm to the most amiable Sir B. Beauchamp, how much the purity of his charming Paradise must suffer by the introduction of these harlots, who will not only ruin all the *Shenstonian* batchelors, but throw out all their lures to alienate every husband from the arms of his honourable wife. The extirpation, therefore, of this evil, while it is yet in the bud, is submitted to our patron, whose virtuous heart, will, we are assured, adopt such measures as may most effectually serve the female innocence and fidelity,

86 SHENSTONE GREEN; OR,
which he hath so kindly taken in
charge.

Signed by the above family, and
all the other ladies of

Shenstone-Green.

This letter made so strong an impression, that I desired Samuel to lay the rest of the papers by, till some other time; for this is an affair, Samuel, said I, which must be taken into immediate consideration.

Sir, replied the steward, the name of the pensioner who has been guilty of the crime in question is Danby; a young gentleman who stands in my book of anecdotes, as the best hearted young man in the world. The character I have had of him, previous to his being marked for the *Green* is this,
“ Danvers

“ Danvers Danby, Esq; a person of fine genius, unbounded generosity, tender feelings, lively passions, and *adored by the ladies.*”

And is Mr. Danby, said I, the author of such an indelicate action ?

Why your honour should consider that all the qualities which constitute his fine character, lean, as I may say, wholly to *spirited things.*

Spirited things quotha ; do you consider what may be the effect of these spirited things ?—May I not have a brothel brought upon my *Green* ; and instead of conjugal harmony and continency, may not my dear *Shenstone's* system—

Suppose fir, your honour was to tell the *Shenstonians*, once for all, a piece of your mind. I think something might be done yet.

If thou canst advise any thing to give my perplexed head and heart a little ease, pray, good fellow, lose no time : let me know it. I thought I should both *give* and *receive* happiness, but I am horridly mistaken ; upon my soul I am, Mr. Sarcaſm.

Here this ludicrous Mr. Sarcaſm, in whom a dry kind of rigid remark was constitutional, fat down at a desk which stood in the room, and wrote as follows :

Sir

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 89

Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP, *Bart.*

*To the LADIES and GENTLEMEN, Pen-
sioners of SHENSTONE-GREEN.*

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I offered you and yours a
sanctuary in my village, I meant to
assist your distresses, and not to
support your passions and natural
appetites; which, I imagined, you
would be prudent enough to leave
behind you, in the several sorry
places where I picked you up. I
gave each of you a good house and
a good fortune, because, *before* you
had neither of those comforts;
but I had no idea that you would
plague me with any of the little
human weaknesses which so ill

correspond with the purity and paradisaick system I wanted to establish. It is, therefore, insisted, that, while you are under my patronage, you cast out all improper affections whatsoever, and walk, inoffensively, backwards and forwards, over the *Green*, between meals; or that you will at least—

Pshaw, Mr. Sarcasm, said I (peevishly interrupting him), do you imagine I am in a temper to be trifled with?

Scarce had these words passed my lips, before a fine, elegant, splendid, and prepossessing young man came into the room with an air of ingenuous distress.

It was Mr. Danby. He fell upon his knee. My dear sir, said he, my
worthy

worthy protector, I am this instant informed of the offence I have given to some of the persons in our neighbourhood. I have done wrong, sir.—I feel,—I repent. Had I reflected but a moment it would have been impossible.—The woman struck my fancy.—I am too apt to follow my feelings, and my sensibility is generally wounded too late.

After such language, Mr. Danby, what can I say? I am disarmed.

The woman is no longer under my roof, sir. Upon my honour I have dismissed her.

It is sufficient, Mr. Danby; I hope there will be no further bad consequence. I see your forgetfulness in the true light, and I do not doubt—

Matilda,

Matilda, who had been sitting to embroider in the next room, now opened the glass door which looked into the apartment where we were talking, and rushed in with a countenance like the paleness of death.

Mr. Danby's confusion was visible in every feature: He re-assured me that every thing should be done to my utmost satisfaction, and abruptly withdrew.

I was sensibly alarmed; and desiring the steward to postpone the rest of the business till the next morning, my daughter and I were left together.

She was still labouring with some concealed anxiety, and after fixing her eyes on me very tenderly for some minutes, she fell at my feet, and bathed my hand with her tears.

Matilda,

Matilda, said I, for God's sake, consider your poor father.

I am very young, papa; perhaps very foolish; and am now kneeling for my father's instruction.—That—that young gentleman who is just gone out, sir—that young gentleman—sir—

Hah!—go on, Matilda.

Has given me the greatest misery ever since he has been at the *Green*.

How so, Matilda?

Don't be angry with me, dear papa,—but even if you are, I must speak out my whole heart. I have met him at Miss Elliot's. His figure—His conversation—His manner—I am
afraid

afraid I love him, fir. Indeed I am afraid of it.

Love him, did you say, Matilda?

But he is a libertine—he is a rake. I have heard his whole story.—Yet, fir, he *confessed* his error—he is not a shameless man—he—Pray, fir, did he not say, the woman who had seduced him was *dismissed*?

Ah! Matilda—you are the dear and darling comfort of my life. Heaven knows how long this project of happiness, which I have put into execution upon this *Green*, may be depended on. The edifice was flattering and fair, but, perhaps, it may not prove solid. The gust of ingratitude may weaken, and the tempest of contrary passions may destroy it. It is possible
that

that this little paradise, which I have raised, like a second Eden, around me, may, like the first, which was regulated by more powerful patronage, be equally lost. In that case, my Matilda will be the only flower that will remain of all my garden. *Her* sweetness and beauty must soothe me in every disappointment, and supply the place of the angel who gave her being.—Alas! Matilda—I am even jealous of your affections; but I would not keep them *all*, when your tender heart disposes you to divide them. Of Mr. Danby we know a little. His qualities are fine but they are dangerous. Yet we will enquire. I will, for your sake, have over him the eye of a father, and if it can possibly *be* you shall not want—

Before I could end the sentence she was weeping upon my neck.—Ah! my dear papa, said she, but this is not all. My heart will burst if you are not acquainted with every thing. I cannot support the *burden* of hypocrisy.

Not *all*, Matilda!—In heaven's name, what do you mean? Speak this moment.

He hath been in distress—I myself saw him send all he could command in the world to a poor family to which he hath obligations. I myself, too, saw the piercing letter, in which the application was made, and—and—

Speak, child. Conceal nothing.

As

As he had not enough to satisfy his heart, or do them the full service he desired—I gave him my little new-year's purse, and—

What more?

Borrowed twenty guineas of a friend.

What friend, child?

Mr. Seabrooke, sir.—But I did not mention names—Pray don't hate me—I never concealed any thing before.

Matilda, Matilda, (said I, taking her in my arms,) I am not angry; I am both afflicted and rejoiced. Leave the management of this business to me. Act as before, and all may be well. One truth, however, is

VOL. II.

H

clear

clear. Let us establish what systems or what societies we please, joy and sorrow shall be for ever mixed, and, wheresoever we fix our dwelling, whether, in a great city, or on *Shenstone-Green*, they will pursue us close, and command alternately our smiles and tears.

Hush! said Matilda; Mr. Seabrooke is coming to the door. Not a word of Mr. Danby.

C H A P. XXXV.

WHICH INTRODUCES AN OLD SOLDIER.

MR. Seabrooke had no sooner entered, than he presented to me a letter which, he said, he had just before taken from the postman, whom he saw on his return from walking.

To Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP.

“SIR,

“I am a lame and *deafish* man,
 “who was first cut to pieces in his
 “majesty’s service; and after that,
 “being a man of no interest, hopped
 “and begged upon his majesty’s high-
 “way. On hearing of your scheme,

H 2

“I thought

“ I thought it might be, now and
 “ then, a penny in the way of my
 “ distrefs, to try my luck near *Shen-*
 “ *stone-Green* ; for, I naturally thought
 “ that, people who were supported
 “ *themselves* by the generous, would
 “ be generous to others. So I made
 “ a journey of about fix weeks travel-
 “ ling—for you muft confider, fir, I
 “ go upon a wooden horse—and I
 “ am very lately got here, where I
 “ walked round and round the *Green*.
 “ But, alas fir, begging is but a bad
 “ bufinefs, even in a village which was
 “ built up by the hand of charity. I
 “ do not like to complain, becaufe
 “ I know the world, and becaufe I
 “ would not difhonour my cloth ;
 “ but, I find this town fo much worfe
 “ for *me* than any other, that, were
 “ it

“ it not for the goodness of two per-
 “ fons, I should move my timber legs
 “ out of *Shenstone-Green*, and trust
 “ again to the turnpike road.

“ One of those persons—God bless
 “ him—is Master Henry Hewit, who
 “ says, he was once a very poor man
 “ himself; the other is one Squire
 “ Danby, who says, he knows that
 “ old lads like me, who have lost
 “ their limbs in a glorious cause, do
 “ not choose to take money *gratis*;
 “ so, by way of making me be-
 “ lieve that I *earn* mine, orders me
 “ to walk his horse backwards and
 “ forwards; then lead him to water,
 “ then back to stable, then take off
 “ his saddle—for which service, he
 “ gives me very often a whole guinea,

H 3

“ because,

“ because, he says, he chooses to pay
 “ people according to their rank in
 “ life; and if I had not fought in
 “ the field for my country *longer* than
 “ I could stand, I should not, Mr.
 “ Danby says, so often see the pic-
 “ ture of the king, my master,
 “ whom I have defended, in the *best*
 “ metal.

“ I write this to tell you, sir, that,
 “ if by chance you should see a large
 “ tawny looking oldish fellow hop-
 “ ping about the *Green*, you should
 “ not think I am a nuisance; because
 “ I am getting rich between my two
 “ friends above-mentioned; and when
 “ I have saved towards twenty pounds,
 “ will set up a bit of a shop, live by
 “ fair

" fair commerce, and trouble folks

" no more.

" I am fir, your honoured

" humble servant to command,

" HACKNEY OLDBLADE.

" P. S. I saw your honour's steward

" on the road some time ago, when

" he was *bunting up* Misery; but I

" believe I had not limbs enough for

" his purpose."

As I knew the delicacy of my poor girl's affection, I gave her this letter to read when she was at leisure, pretending that it was a matter of no consequence, but might, perhaps, amuse her a little. I could see the idea of Mr. Danby mount into her eyes as I gave it.

She put the letter into her pocket, from which moment she was so anxious and uneasy, that she pretended a sudden indisposition as an excuse for retiring early to her chamber.

In less than half an hour, she returned, declaring that her illness was gone, and she never was so well or so happy in her life ; though it appeared plainly, by a redness that remained about her eyes, she had been weeping. What a paradox is pleasure !

The truth is, I was little less affected or less pleased than herself at this new trait we had discovered in young Danby, and I resolved, if possible, to make him every way worthy my Matilda. I hope reader, she is by this time *thy* favourite.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVI.

HUMAN NATURE LOOKED AT IN AN
EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION.

PRETTY early the next morning, my daughter was bestirring herself in the pantry; and, just as I came down stairs, had thrown a white napkin over a little wicker basket, which she said, was destined for Master Hackney Oldblade. Give him this new guinea too, Matilda, said I, and tell him, it is the latest that has been struck of his sovereign. I send it as a token, that I think him no nuisance upon *Shenstone-Green*, where he may stay and settle.

Matilda

Matilda tripped away with her provisions without waiting to hear more; and just as she was gone, one of Master Oldblade's friends, Henry Hewit, made his appearance.

Though the conversation which ensued at this interview is very extraordinary, I hope, honest reader, thou hast heart enough to suppose it not so *far* out of nature as to be impossible. If I show thee conduct in a poor unlettered peasant, which discovers an excellence in humanity, which thou didst not before suspect *belonged thereto*; be grateful for the pleasure I shall give thee, and do not say, *that* is *unnatural* which may only be *uncommon*.

Sir, said Henry, pulling off his hat with great reverence, I have been
some

some days a miserable fellow, and as I look upon your honour to be my father, I want to tell you why and wherefore I am thus wretched.

Henry, speak?

Your honour has, as I may say, almost killed me with kindness. Pray do not think me wicked if I say how much happier I was, when *Shenstone-Green* was building, than I am now it is finished. Ever since I had strength in my arms—and you see, sir, I am built almost like a church—I have been used to labour. I have worked, dear, good sir, till work is my play, and play is my work: yes, your honour, I have found it harder to pass my time since I had nothing to do, than ever it was for me to get
up

108 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

up and go to bed with the fun. I will tell your honour *why*.

Do so, honest Henry.

When I was a labouring man, I knew that I must not eat nor drink till I had done *so much* for bread and *so much* for bed. When that *so much* was finished, I sat me down to a repast, which was so sweetened by my hunger, that every morsel was a feast. Then I went hobbling home at night as weary as weary. So much the better; I made but one sleep of it till daylight, and then got up as gay as a bird to weary myself again.

But your situation, Henry, is much more easy now on *Shenstone-Green*.

Too

Too easy, a great deal too easy, sir. I do not know that the bones are the better for stretching on a velvet cushion. Had I a good education I might, perhaps, amuse myself with good books or maps, or such things; but, as I can neither read or write, so as to make any pleasure of it, tis but making my head ache to no purpose. No, sir, here lies the mischief; I am a man worth two hundred a year, and have got my fine house over my head; my old work-clothes are thrown away; I have things upon my back that do not fit at all to my liking. I am not company for the other pensioners who have most of them spent a good fortune before they came to the *Green*. I think they look too as if they laugh at me when I go by any
of

110 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
of them, as they stand idling at their
doors. This conceit hurts my clown's
pride so mortally, that I keep out of
their sight as much as I can; and to-
wards the evenings give them the slip
out of my back door. Sometimes I
escape to the next parish, where my
old fellow-labourers live. But even
there, I do not find myself at home
as usual, because they geer and flear,
and are jealous of my good fortune,
and say, they cannot think what your
honour could see in my face to stick
me up for a gentleman? After this, I
am obliged to make them all nearly
drunk before they will own me for
an old acquaintance. Besides this, fir,
I see your honour's *tradesmen* hate me,
and think they have one and all a
better

better right to your bounty than Henry Hewit.

They may think as they please, but I consider Henry Hewit as the best and worthiest man upon *Shenstone-Green*.

Too good, your honour is too good; for what can I do? I have no exercise, and so have no appetite. I always am feeling for my leather apron. I sometimes catch up my old trowel and am ready to shed tears over it, as if it were because I had thrown away with *it* an old friend that used to get me the brown bread that I *bought myself*, I cannot sleep at nights, because I am in a sort of a doze all the day. In short, sir, I look upon it, that I am living a very wicked life, and

112 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
with your honour's leave, I will
mend it.

Is that possible, friend Henry?

Very possible, sir; as thus: I will return my pension to the dear noble hand out of which I received it: I will live in a little snug house amongst your honour's tradesmen: I will take care the people shall know my mind, that there may be no envy nor heart-burning; and I will, if your honour thinks fit, be master mason and brick-layer of all *Shenstone-Green*. For this, your honour may pay me from *time to time*, but not all at once; so that though I shall return to my own track and to my own trade—which few know better—yet I shall never want either victuals or work; and, to a
poor

poor fellow like me, to want *one* of these, is to want *both*.

And are you serious, Henry?

So serious, and please your honour, that I shall break my heart if you do not oblige me. But this is not all. I think I know *whom* your honour might put into the house and fortune which I shall quit.

I would gladly have a person of my friend Hewit's recommendation.

Then you must know, sir, there is a fine old creature, mangled all over, who has set his face against our enemies, till his trade is fairly cut from him by the naked sword. He is a very merry good soul, and when I saw him the other day walking on his

114 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
wooden stumps, I said to myself, Oh!
Henry Hewit, Henry Hewit, there is
a man who ought to be in thy place!
He is robbed at once of his business and
his blood; be an honest lad and go back
to thy labour, Henry, and speak a
good word for a gentleman-soldier,
whose hairs are grey, and whose limbs
are gone. I cried like a child as I
said this: but if your Honour agrees
to my two proposals, I will do nothing
but work and laugh all the rest of
my life.

I do agree, Henry, and you shall
have it just in your own way.

Then, sir, if you please, I will be-
gin to work to-morrow, for I have
been fideling backwards and forwards,
and I see there are some repairs wanting
in

in the brickwork about the Mansion-house. The tiling on the left side is loosened, and I have spied out a crack or two in the back chimnies; *one* leans a little.

What then, Henry, your *eyes* have been at work already.

Use, you know, fir, is second nature. I never see a building of any kind if it is of brick, but I can tell what *should* be done in a trice. It is in my way. Lord, your Honour, how happy you have made me! but the cement will be better if I were to mix my lime over night. I will go then and temper my mortar—Lord how happy I am—to say the real factotum, I never was so happy in

116 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
my life. I must kiss your Honour's
hand, I must indeed.

Here the poor excellent fellow
leaped about with unaffected joy, and
was carried away into many extrava-
gant gestures by sensations, which do
not frequently, I fear, interrupt the
tranquility of human beings.

Just as he was going out, he turn-
ed round to desire I would not men-
tion his name in the affair of the
hopping soldier, because, said Henry,
it will have a better look if your
Honour was to say, you had heard of
Master Oldblade's great *fighting feats*,
and made him a pensioner for the
sake of your country; *that*, your
Honour knows would please the old
fellow; for all your sword-blade gen-
try

try have a sort of pride about them—
 as to *me*, you may tell him that I am
 a good bricklayer and mend a crack,
 or lay a tile for my country as bravely
 as any man; but, for the matter of
 fighting, I am a mere mess of milk,
 and never killed any thing in my life.
 Say I am gone to my old business,
 and had only Master Oldblade's house
 for *a time*.

To make any comment on this be-
 haviour on the part of our bricklayer,
 would be to suspect the reader's sense
 and sensibility.

I leave it, therefore, with his feel-
 ings.

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE REVERSE OF THE PICTURE.

BUT human nature having, in the two last chapters, exhibited her bright side, we must now be content to look on the reverse of her picture.

Mr. Samuel Sarcastm, who was ever scrupulously exact to his appointments, appeared with the rest of the papers which remained unexamined.

Now, Samuel, said I, I have time to finish.

He gave me N^o. 5, which, reader, I make thee a present of with all my heart.

To

To Sir BENJAMIN BEAUCHAMP,
By Favour of S. SARCASM, ESQ.

OUR DEAR SIR BENJAMIN,

WE, the female part of your pensioners, who, in the former portion of our lives, were accustomed to enjoy the innocent amusements of the world, find ourselves rather *ennuyed*, as the French say: for although to walk over the velvet green, or the shady wood, to watch the opening of the flowers and budding of the bushes—though these, and other rural amusements, be exceedingly pleasant in the summer, yet, with long nights, come upon us the desires of re-enjoying the entertainments of the winter. To provide these, therefore,

for the cold weather, has been the grand object of our consultations for some days; and we think we have, at length, hit upon a plan of progressive pleasures, which will carry us agreeably through the gloomy months, till groves and gardens again become *sufferable*.

FIRST, WE are making a purse of a few hundreds, to establish a sweet little epitome of a *Pantheon*, where we will, though at a small expence, have our vocal gods and goddeffes, at least, twice a week. And we will call it, by way of compliment, *Shenstone-Green Pantheon*.

SECONDLY, WE, knowing perfectly well, all the arts of surprize and delicate flight, propose also a kind of
of

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 121

of *Cornelys*, where our lights, rooms, and partitions shall shift about at the word of command. This must be named *The Country Cornelys on Shenstone-Green*.

THIRDLY, We earnestly intreat your assistance in erecting a building for *Theatrical* works, to be written by ourselves and our husbands, and to be acted by one another. Though this scheme will certainly be attended with some expence, yet it will be such an encouragement to genius, as will raise up in the pensioners a laudable emulation; and, indeed, not to have a play-house upon *Shenstone-Green*, (which is, as it were, *poets ground*, and ought to be dedicated to the muses) would be a sin and a shame.

shame. Besides, if we should not be able to furnish new pieces amongst ourselves, there are plenty of playwrights who will send us their *chef d'œuvres* from the capital, where, you know, interest has, now and then, the key of the stage-door; and where the managers *themselves* generally forestall the dramatick market. We have been looking about the *Green*, and find that our play-house will stand vastly well *near the Church*, or rather between that and Parsonage-place. So that the muses will be supported by the temple of devotion on one hand, and a doctor of divinity on the other. This we will call *Shenstone-Green Theatre*.

FOURTHLY, WE, (above all other things) have set our hearts upon a

Masquerade, which is at once so innocent, so elegant, and so universally admired, that, not to have a monthly one on *Shenstone-Green* would be such an impeachment upon our want of taste as never was heard of. This, therefore, must be put in hand immediately. Masks and dominos may be had from Tavistock-street, London. Fancy-dresses depend on ourselves.

LASTLY, WE propose a weekly *Concert of Musick*, and, for cheapness sake, the same band may serve for the orchestra of our theatre. But as these dear amusements will, under your patronage, sir, be ours, we shall, by way of getting back some of our charges, tax all tickets taken by strangers. The *Shenstonian* pensioners

sioners being the only persons to be admitted gratis, excepting our good and amiable patron, Sir Benjamin, who is, in *each* place, to have a lodge with a decorated canopy fitted up and properly illuminated, under the title of Beauchamp Box, or the Lord President's Place on *Shenstone-Green*.

Signed by all the Ladies of the *Green*, except Miss Eliza Elliot, who obstinately refuses: but as we consider that girl a particular kind of creature (too grave and too glum for her age) her suffrage hath not been much solicited.

Here endeth, reader, the ladies petition, and here beginneth a new chapter with a sigh.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

THE WHISTLER WHISTLES LUSTILY
ALL THROUGH THIS CHAPTER.

HEIGHO, Samuel! this is promising work. Is it not?

Since the writing hereof, fir, there have been some of the fair petitioners at my office, just to strengthen their arguments, by assuring your Honour that, with those few diversions mentioned in their list, they will undertake to make *Shenstone-Green* superior either to Bath or Paris. They add, furthermore—and as all spoke of it *together*, there is the less doubt of their sincerity—that, there shall not be a single hour in the day or night, but what shall bear its characteristic amuse-

amusement. *Shenstone-Green*, Samuel
 —I believe they might say, *old Samuel*—*Shenstone-Green*, old Samuel, shall have more *ton* than any spot in the habitable globe, and, by the crouds of fashion which we shall gather about us, the jubilees of the dear poet *Shenstone*, shall be more *vivant*, and more *vogueish*, than those, even headed by his mirrour Mr. Garrick, of Shakespeare himself. After this, they fluttered out of my office, which was never so perfumed before.

And would you not *prevent* this inundation of luxury, which, Samuel, cannot possibly, be admitted without an inundation of folly also?

Prevent it sir, said Matilda, who was sitting on Mr. Seabrooke's knee.
 Why

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 127

Why would you prevent it? What can be more harmless than a Pantheon?

Whew—said Mr. Seabrooke.

More innocent than a Cornely's?
said Matilda.

Whew—said Mr. Seabrooke.

More moral than a play-house?
demanded Matilda.

Whew—Whew—replied Seabrooke.

Or more enchanting than a masquerade? asked Matilda.

Whew—Whew—Whew, answered Mr. Seabrooke, lengthening and loudening his tone, and taking Matilda in his arms into the garden.

You hear Mr. Seabrooke's sentiment of the matter, Samuel, said I.

I must

I must own, fir, the gentleman's whistle is loud against it. I take those *Whews* all to be in the negative : flatly in the negative.

Shall I then forbid such nonsenses, Mr. Sarcasm?

Your Honour half tempteth *me* to *Whew* in the manner of the merry gentleman, who is playing at romps yonder on the grass-plats with Miss Matilda. What signifies your Honour's forbidding a large party of ladies doing the things which they have *set their hearts upon*. Sure your Honour knoweth as little of women as men.

But I so well know the consequence, Samuel. I am so well convinced, that *Shenstone-Green* would be in as much agitation

agitation and rattle as London, were I
to suffer these nonsenses.

And that is the very reason, fir,
why the ladies will certainly carry
their designs into execution, *nem. con.*
Rattle is the thing they admire.

Indeed, Samuel?

Besides, fir, they offer only to in-
troduce things that are allowed in *all*
genteel places, and though your ho-
nour chooses to run down causes to
their effects; women seldom go that
way to work: they stick firmly to
the cause, and if that tickles, they
never look far enough to pick up a
nasty consequence, that would only
put the poor dears into a perspiration.
Again, fir, have you not made them

130 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
independent, and the free agent, *doth*
as he listeth, I have heard.

There, Samuel, is the rub. I have
tied my hands voluntarily behind me.
I left all to the operations of grateful
hearts, and imagined that such liberty
would be law at *Shenstone-Green*.

It is plain therefore, that your
Honour must give up this point; so
we will go to another.

With a very bad grace I can assure
thee, Mr. Sarcafm.

Things not possible your Honour
knows, should not be attempted.
Please to mark therefore your consent,
and I will signify the same to the
ladies, who protested they should
neither eat, drink, or sleep till I sent
your

your answer. 'Tis a lady's maxim, fir, to be restless till she hath her fair longing.

I now wrote underneath this petition, which was, by the by, abominably scrawled, agreeable to Dr. Swift's observation, from corner to corner, the word *granted*; and my hand so trembled as I gave my sanction to folly, that I wrote *almost* as unintelligibly polite as the ladies.

Sarcasm signed the petition, as witness, with a fist perfectly firm; and, saying, he imagined I had enough for one day, adjourned till another opportunity, the examination of the other papers.

C H A P. XXXIX.

IT BECOMES NECESSARY TO INTRO-
DUCE A CONSTABLE ON SHEN-
STONE-GREEN.

I HAD scarce time to breathe upon this circumstance, before one of a different kind, but tending equally to show me I was but a foolish fellow, started up in the form of the following intelligence; which, by way of desert, was brought just after I had dined.

To Sir B. BEAUCHAMP.

“ HONOURED PATRON,

“ THE abandoned women, whom
“ a certain young *Sbenstonian* first
“ countenanced and then dismissed,
“ have not yet quitted the village,
“ though, we understand, they were
“ fur-

“furnished by Mr. Danby with mo-
 “ney sufficient to take them to whence
 “they came. Seeing them flare about
 “the neighbourhood from day to day,
 “to the great annoyance of female
 “virtue, which is under the shadow
 “of Sir Benjamin’s wings, I sought
 “out the haunt which they frequent,
 “and by virtue of mine holy office,
 “exhorted them to quit our *Paradise*,
 “threatning, at the same time, that if they
 “did *not*, they should be first excommu-
 “nicated, and then driven out by the
 “angel of our garden with a flaming
 “sword. They answered hereunto
 “very unseemly, first, saying that
 “they had as much right to live in
 “*Paradise* as a parson, and, that as
 “to excommunication, that would
 “only be to forbid them going to a

“ place, which is the last public ex-
 “ hibition they should at any time
 “ think of troubling. After this they
 “ changed their address, and desired
 “ me to sit sociably down. Albeit
 “ my profession might be degraded,
 “ and my cloth stained by sitting me
 “ down amongst the naughty ones ; I
 “ resolved for once to approach pollu-
 “ tion in the hope of wiping it away
 “ with holy exhortation. Hereupon,
 “ I rehearsed that chapter of the ever-
 “ lasting volume, which the scriptural
 “ sage in the character of a father,
 “ giveth to young men. I began
 “ with *My son, my son*, hearken unto
 “ the words of my mouth, &c.—and
 “ went quite through.—But mark
 “ the progress of abandoned hearts.
 “ All the time I was predicating, they
 “ assumed

“ assumed an affected gravity, which
 “ imposed upon my simplicity. One
 “ of them, patted me upon my cheek,
 “ under pretence of praising the voice
 “ with which I exhorted, and squeezed
 “ my hand, while she declared I had
 “ the true pulpit deportment. A
 “ second stroaked my chin, and ob-
 “ served, that, as eloquence was apt
 “ to parch the tongue, it might be as
 “ well if I were to call for my bottle.
 “ while the third—for the fourth had
 “ fled elsewhere for shame—drew her
 “ palm along my knee, and even to
 “ the taper of my thigh, saying, she
 “ wished her *eyes might drop out of her*
 “ *head* if I was not a very proper man.
 “ Now it was that I perceived I had
 “ got into a den of thieves, who
 “ wanted to steal away the virtue,

“ which I came to inspire. Yes,
 “ my honoured patron, three pair of
 “ black eyes,—sent their flames at
 “ my honour ; and it was only by a
 “ precipitate retreat, after being much
 “ stirred, in which I left my hat
 “ and wig, which they swore should
 “ pay for my priggish impertinence,
 “ that I could save mine integrity
 “ from the snare. As I ran bald-
 “ headed from the door, they hooted
 “ me with one accord ; and, strange
 “ to tell, I have been scarce out of
 “ my bed since.

“ It is incumbent that these evils
 “ be done away, and that these fair
 “ devils be cast out of *Shenstone-Green*,
 “ which otherwise will be like unto the
 “ Strand, where once upon a time, I
 “ was

“ was carried off in my canonicals,
“ and stripped of every thing but—
“ MY PURITY.

“ I am, honoured patron,

“ Your humble servant,

“ CHARLES CUSHEON.”

Parsonage-Place.

How one imprudence treads on another said I, after having read this letter aloud !

But you see, said *Matilda*, smiling, the bad women are wholly gone from Mr.—you *knows who's* papa.

(I concealed Mr. *Danby's* name at the time of reading this letter).

I begin to think, friend Beauchamp, said Mr. Seabrooke, we must have such a thing as a CONSTABLE in this
same

138 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
fame *Shenstone-Green*. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

A constable, answered I, in great consternation; a *constable* on *Shenstone-Green*?

Faith, I begin to think so too, said the little apothecary (who that day dined at the Mansion-house, and who had been thrown into an immoderate fit of laughter, by the ludicrous idea of the baldheaded priest when he was on the retreat). And now you talk of that, said Mr. Elixer, I have a little private business to communicate.

Matilda withdrew. Mr. Seabrooke rose up from the table. And can my dear Seabrooke think it possible for him to retire?

Where

Whew—replied he, wheeling off into the garden, where he would sometimes pass half a day upon the grass-plats in the sunshine.

Look-you, my dear, cried the worthy Welchman, when we were alone. I have got a proclamation of war in my pocket. Yes, my dear, war has been declared in *Sbenstone-Green* for some time, and here is a correct list of the killed and wounded. Elixir *Ned*, must knock them *dead* yet. Read, read.

“ A list of patients now under the cure of Edward Elixir, apothecary and surgeon to the *Sbenstonian* pensioners.”

But look you my patron said the doctor, I do not let you see this to
betray

betray the confidence which should be sacred in my profession, but because I am a little man who loves gratitude, and thinks he ought to have no secrets with a person like Sir Benjamin Beauchamp; for *that* Sir Benjamin has made me, Edward Elixir, the richest, and the gayest, and the happiest man in Wales. Yes, I do say, the happiest man in Wales. My little wife, Sir Benjamin, has got, through your kindness, a large easy chair which runs upon castors, and I aired her yesterday, for the first time, all about the *Green*: Yes, and then we both laughed together at the conceit, till our mirth became, as it were, a *contagious disorder* which put into convulsions all the pensioners who beheld us. If you had seen, sir,
this

this fight, how you would have laughed! Only to think of such a slender hop-o'-my-thumb as I, harnessed to a kind of go-cart, almost as big as a waggon, running off at full speed with such an amazing fine-sized firm-fleshed woman as my wife! Only think of a skipping flea hopping away with the majestic elephant! Oh Jesus! my patron, my patron, how happy you have made Teddy Elixir!

Teddy Elixir now falling into one of his pleasure-fits, I left him to enjoy it upon a sofa, where he rolled about, while I read his list of killed and wounded.

D. Danby, Esq. Attendance every day.

C. Cusbeon,

C. Cusheon, Vicar. Every day but Sunday.

Without going any farther, I expressed my hearty concern for these gentlemen, and desired to know the nature of their disorders. Are *these* pensioners wounded or killed, Mr. Elixir? It must be a very sudden affair.

Alas, sir, answered the apothecary, Venus wounds in a moment.

Venus, Mr. Elixir! Venus?

Lookee you, my patron, you live here at your Mansion-house without knowing what passes in your village. We have of late been visited by four Venuses, who have brought more business upon my hands than I ever had on the
Green

Green before. There is warm work going on, I promise you; but, fit you still, my patron. I will send Venus packing, I warrant. I will blow a little powder in her bright eyes that shall make her remember coming upon *Shenstone-Green*, never fear.

The plain truth then, Mr. Elixir, divested of your embellishment, is, that the unhappy women, who were attracted to the *Green* by those confounded races, have—

Yes, yes, my patron, exactly *that*, my patron. Exactly *that*.

And, amongst other victims less distinguished, are, I presume, these gentlemen.

Jesús

Jesus, my patron, how well you guess. If I could have guessed half so well, I wish I may never laugh again.

And do you think this a laughing matter, Mr. Elixir?

My patron, it is no more than this skip. Our methods of treating that affair are now so infallible, that—

But the wickedness, and the impropriety of the affair; how will you cure that, Mr. Apothecary? That is something more than your skip, I hope, is it not?

Look-you, my dear patron, Edward Elixir never meddles with other men's business. I stick close to the *carcase*, which I know how to manage
I tolerably

tolerably well. But as for the *mind*, that is clean out of my way. That is a branch belonging to Mr. Cusheon the vicar. I can only master *Death*; it is the parson, who should struggle with the *Devil*. Ha! ha! ha!

But I am astonished, Mr. Elixir, that so sober, discreet and *classical* a man as Mr. Cusheon should—

Why should my patron be astonished, that a sober, discreet, classical man should catch one of the commonest distempers now in the world? We are all liable to accidents. Alas! the *classics* are not exempt from the strokes of the *female gender*.

But his *profession* Mr. Elixir—Ha! ha! ha!

Lack a day, if you think the worse of him for what I have told you, my patron, I shall be the most miserable man in the world—There is my blind side. I am so used to run about with what I hear in order to tell it, which is the way I worked myself first into any practise; for one cannot take a pint of blood from a *country* patient, but he will have from me a pound of news into the bargain, so that I cannot help chattering, let the consequence be what it will. This is the complaint that every body makes against me, while almost every body tempts me to sin. Oh! how I do hate Mr. Edward Elixir! how I do hate Mr. Edward Elixir! . .

But hear me, Mr. Apothecary—
hear me—it is an affair of moment.
I am hurt. I am stung.

Oh!

Oh! my patron, tell me, I pray you, what can make me such a little infamous apothecary as I am? Why should I cure my patient with my hand, only to wound him again, worse than ever, with my tongue! Curse my tongue, how dare it jabber out things sacred and profane in this manner! You ought to discard me, my patron—for Mr. Cusheon is a soft, sleek, gentle gentleman, as ever put on a cassock; and Mr. Danby is the best and most generous esquire that ever came into Wales. What things do I know of his doing? and have I blabbed the *only* thing that could injure him in the esteem of my patron? Oh! what a complete little villain I am? Oh! Elixir! Elixir! skilled as thou art in simples, thou

148 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
art the most atrocious rascal, of a
small man, that ever breathed a vein.
Look-you, my patron, look-you, if
it was not for my poor little wife,
who would die if she lost her trund-
ler, I would deliver myself into the
hands of justice and be hanged direct-
ly. Edward—Edward. Teddy, Ted-
dy, Elixir, Elixir. Fie! fie! fie!

While our medical phænomenon
was uttering this rhapsody, he some-
times addressed *me*, then *himself*;
sometimes stood so as to observe his
figure in the glass, as if willing to
have his own image in view, while
he loaded it with abuse; and some-
times, he pranced about the room in
an agony of rage, twitching his wig
from side to side, and leaping from
chair to chair. But, at length, the
vocifera-

vociferation with which he mentioned his being hanged, &c. brought Seabrooke and Matilda into the room, where they apprehended something was the matter. Seeing them advance, the wretched apothecary (imagining they were come to hear his disgrace) caught up his hat, as was always his custom; and after assuring us once more, that he was a most infamous little rascal, ran out of doors.

C H A P. XXXX.A DISCOVERY WHICH NONE COULD
HAVE EXPECTED.

I WAS contriving how to conceal the circumstance of Mr. Danby from my poor panting Matilda, who always suspected the conversation turned upon him, though she even had discretion enough to conceal his very name from Seabrooke. Just as I had hit off an excuse, which I imagined plausible, a most violent thundering at the front door announced four visitors, who were never in the Mansion-house before. They were of the female kind, and three of them so ridiculously discoloured by paint,

paint, and so burnt with flaming robes and ornaments, that the gentle Matilda, who was habited simply in an unpretending tender-looking lustring, and a white straw hat bound with a single pea-green band, looked like the angel of peace by the side of the furies. She hurried into Seabrooke's arms; and, from that sanctuary, beheld the scene.

Sir, said one of the women, cocking up the corner of her hat, I suppose you are the proprietor of this *Shenstone-Green*.

I am, madam.

If you are then, sir, I should be glad to know how a gentleman, pluming himself upon his generosity, can suffer four unhappy women, who are

152 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
obliged to attend publick places, to be
insulted?

I really do not understand you,
madam.

Let *me* speak, Nancy, to him, (said
a second woman, more furiously cap-
ped and hatted than the other). I
think your name is Sir Benjamin
Beauchamp?

I am so called, madam.

Pray then, Sir Benjamin Beauchamp,
what right have your virtuous b--h--s
of the *Green*—

Whew—cried Mr. Seabrooke, giv-
ing a louder whistle than I ever before
heard, and running out of the room
with the ever-delicate Matilda.

So

So much the better, said the woman, resuming the conversation. Now Miss Mock Modesty is gone, I can speak my mind plainer. I was going to ask, sir, why you permit such virtuous b—h—s, as some of your pensioners to *sneer* at us as we pass their doors?

I suppose you are the ladies who have created such disturbances then in the village; if so, you cannot wonder at any slights you may have received for the irregularity of your conduct.

Pray, Sir Benjamin, let *me* speak :
(said a third woman of a less bold appearance, more decently dressed, and extremely fine featured) These ladies, sir, are apt to be warm in their tempers,

pers; I have seen more misfortunes, and am more tranquil. Have I leave to speak sir?

You have, miadam.

The four women, Sir Benjamin, who are now before you, have been all ruined by your sex. We had once the innocence of your own daughter. Each had too tender a heart, and threw away its noblest affections upon a villain who deceived it. Our parents thrust us from their protection, and the door of every friend was shut against us. The women of virtue, who, perhaps, have given few real *proofs* of it, often told us, we might honestly *work* for a subsistence. But, this is only one of the many pretences of goodluck, when it wants an apology for insulting distress.

Who

Who will employ an handsome young woman discarded by her natural friends, and left struggling in the streets. We have found no such protectors. What remained after such unhappy experience? To put ourselves into *eternity*, would have added the crime of murder to the misfortune of violation. To expect assistance from men, on any pure or disinterested principle, was absurdity. Our youth, our beauty, our forlorn situation, were all arguments against such protection. Which is it, sir, of *your* sex, that will honourably shelter our's under such circumstances; or which is it, that does not rejoice to see a lovely form *reduced to purchase*?

To *exist*, sir, is the natural effort of an human being; and you know
the

the terms on which our bread was to be procured. Why then should we be insulted? Why should complaints be formally lodged against us, as we understand they are, by persons who have better luck than ourselves? With regard to our coming to this village, we have, alas! but too solid an apology for it. We are the slaves of publick events, and always obliged to have a look out for novelties; we are compelled to take advantage of any thing that may promise a prospect of support. We shift our habitations as men shift theirs; and whenever any place is celebrated as the resort of much company, there, alas! it is our fatal lot to go and partake the transient popularity without the joy. It was told to us by those whom
we

we employed for such purposes, that a person of fortune had erected a new town for the use of those whom mischance had brought into decay. We dared not propose ourselves as *candidates*; but we thought that those who leaped suddenly into prosperity from the lowest state of indigence or oppression, were the proper objects to relieve us. Lightly come, lightly go, you know, sir. It was probable that the passions would lead to dissipation *such* as became *all at once* masters of a good fortune. Upon the faith of this expectation, we set off for *Skenstone-Green*, where, we thought we had as natural a right to try our fortune as any other vagabonds. As to your principle of building this town upon the basis of
purity,

purity, we are, unhappily, not in situations to pay much regard to such ideas. Delicacy is obliged to yield to necessity in our unfortunate case; perhaps, sir, we might, in luckier situations, have contributed as much to the glory of *Shenstone Green*, and merited as much the bounty of Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, as those who now treat us with indignity. Nay, sir, I even think that, hard as it is with us, you might have founded your village upon a basis of juster and *truer* benignity.

How so, madam, said I, not a little affected by her discourse, or with the firm, yet gentle, manner in which it was delivered—In what particulars, could I have improved the plan of *Shenstone-Green*?

Pardon me, sir, resumed the young woman, if I say your bounty might, at the same expence, have been led through more beneficent channels; some of its streams, might, surely, have extended to US.—

I started.

Yes, sir, continued the lady, you may start; but believe me, *Spensstone-Green*, hath not included the most pitiable part of the creation, nor indeed, *that* part, which, under proper regulation, have the most pathetic claim upon the proprietor's attention. Custom, it is true, may deaden the delicacy of those feelings, which are the distinguishing ornaments of the female, and habit, may assist extreme indigence in conquering our natural decency; but it is not always a sign
that

that we are *irreclaimable*, when we yield ourselves up to the only alternative that is left. Even the unwarrantable language we sometimes make use of, may find a palliative in the extremities to which we are driven. Those, sir, who live in a more *elevated* state of misfortune, as they are liable to the brutality only of *one man*, so are they less excuseable, if they commit those crimes which it is in their power to prevent. For, in my opinion, errors are pardonable and punishable in proportion, as the situation of the culprit renders them more *necessary*.

Crimes *necessary* ! madam, said I.

It is very possible, sir, for certain faults to be if not *necessary* at least
inevi-

inevitable. They are annexed to a condition, which can neither be prevented by the person who is reduced, any more than the faults which result from—

This doctrine I fear, madam, cried I, interfering—This doctrine will not—

Sir, said the lady, interrupting in her turn; I advance only what I know to be fatally true. My ignorance in the arts of argument, may, perhaps, involve the fact, I desire to explain, in some obscurity, or in too many words; but I am, nevertheless, convinced of the fact itself. How, for instance, is it possible to prevent the effects of *our* distress? We are

obliged to the dreadful drudgery of
suiting ourselves to publick caprice.
We are obliged to consult every man's
particular mode of gratification. Na-
ture, I believe, sir, leads to a decent
behaviour; but there are, I fear, five
perverted appetites, which lean to the
grossest pleasure, to one that is deli-
cate or true to the original bias of the
human feelings. I myself, Sir Benja-
min, am an example of the truth I
would illustrate. I remember the time
when the excess of my timidity was
imputed to me, by my relations, as a
fault. I blushed almost at myself.
In this state of my innocence, when
all the affections were fair and impres-
sive, a man pretended a generous
passion, and, when he had thoroughly
made

made it reciprocal, by breathing a real ardour into a guiltless heart, he abused it. The old story was again repeated. I was treated as the toy which could please no longer, and bequeathed by this barbarous betrayer to his brother-rakes.

These, were all in the higher ranks of libertinism, and for that reason I heard less vulgar language, and saw fewer *examples* of vice. So that, though it would be absurd to represent myself as a virtuous woman, I should have been left wholly without an apology had I been plunged so deep as my companions.

What are not you as wicked a wretch as us, Fanny? cried all the other women.

Give me leave resumed the young creature—I did not mean to insinuate that as *my* praise, but as *your excuse*. If you now and then yield to words that might be better not spoken; it is, I know, because you have had few advantages. Considering the cruelties which you have undergone; the company you have been obliged to keep in order to humour the whim of your friends, and the necessities you had on all hands to encounter, it would be very extraordinary if you had not picked up some habits which you are far from admiring, even in yourselves. I very well know, Sir Benjamin, that good hearts beat in the bosoms of these my forlorn associates. I have seen them share their
hard-

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 165

hard-earned profits with those who have appealed to their bounty. I have seen also the tears drop from their eyes at the agony of that rigid virtue, which would not easily have been persuaded to feel as softly for them. They riot, it is true, but it is to drown the sense of the most poignant reflection, which would otherwise obtrude to their distraction. They dissipate it must be confessed, but it is in compliance with the wanton taste of their visitors. I own even that an oath may occasionally pass their lips; but it is the effect of unhappy practice, and never comes deliberately from the mind.

M 3

Ah!

Ah! madam, said I, you touch me too, too tenderly.

All the other poor creatures dropped the air of audacity, and held down their heads to conceal at once their shame and their distress.

If, sir, added the lady, it is yet necessary to enlarge the features of this horrid picture, that I have taken from the life; suffer me to observe, that, we are often beaten for an air of modesty, and rewarded for an appearance of wantonness; we are equally the sport of the brute, and of the bailiff. We are shut out of society that might revive our morals, and we are driven to such as, of necessity, must make us worse. Now then tell me

me, sir, if we are not, in some sort, justifiable for seeking a shelter where, at least, our disgrace was not so publick, and where we were, in hope, that benevolence was the same in the pensioners of *Shenstone-Green*, as in the bosom of the proprietor. We came hither with such ideas, and yet, if my companions would condescend to take council from my example, they would retire from the neighbourhood and try again their fortune in the bustles and beatings of the world. For my own part, sir, I will delay my departure hence, no longer than while I observe, that, if Sir Benjamin Beauchamp had contrived some quiet asylum, where the blushes of the most

168 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
unhappy women might have been
concealed from—

While the beautiful and abused Fanny was proceeding in her sentence, a person tapped at the door of the apartment, and, when it was opened, there came hobbling in a large lame man whom I had never seen.

Before the stranger entered, the women had all turned their faces from the door, as if unwilling to be caught in tears.

I come on my stumps to your Honour, (said the man) to thank you for your kind intentions in favour of an old battered fellow, who is proud of his scars. Heaven always raises up a friend to the brave. I am just
told

told by your Honour's steward, that, after tugging about the globe, and sustaining many strokes of the body abroad, and more of the heart at home, poor old *Hackney Oldblade*—

No sooner was this name pronounced than, the most piercing shriek, that, surely ever was uttered, came from the very soul of the young creature who had been so pathetically pleading for herself and her companions.

This shriek burst from the afflicted Fanny; the man no sooner heard the voice of a woman in distress, than he forgot the want of his limbs, and ran upon his stumps to offer assistance; but the moment he cast his eye on the sufferer,

170 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

sufferer, whose agonies increased, the crutches dropped from his hands, and he fell lifeless on the floor.

Mr. Seabrooke and Matilda came hurrying in : and just as they appeared, the other three women were so agitated, that they retreated in the utmost confusion.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLI.

HUMANITY AGAIN LOOKS FAIR, AND
SHINES THROUGH HER TEARS.

I STOOD fixed in amazement;
while Matilda was assiduously ap-
plying her smelling bottle to Fanny,
and Seabrooke was rubbing the tem-
ples of Oldblade.

Oh! Fanny, Fanny, (cried the
latter recovering) see to what you
have brought your miserable father.

Father! said Matilda—Oh poor,
poor dear!

It is *you*, Fanny, who are the
author of all these broken limbs, and
of all these deep furrows, in the
front

172 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
front of poor Oldblade. Your mother's heart broke the year after you left us, and then I did not care what became of *me*. I wasted the good fortune which uncle Tibbs left me, because I wanted to wash away the thought of ever having had a daughter. After this, Fan, I went to sea a second time, spent all the profits of my first voyage, (near five hundred pounds) got my legs knocked off, all these scars in my poor breast, and then came home to find all my old friends dead, and beg my bread on his majesty's highway.

All the time the poor fellow was uttering these sentiments he was endeavouring, by every means in his power, to revive and comfort the unhappy Fanny, who was dissolved
in

in the tears of penitence and despair. She drew her hand over her eyes and was by no means able to speak.

Touched at this, the parent assumed its irresistible authority in the bosom of the soldier so absolutely, that he cried out, Well, well, Fanny, don't cry, child, don't take on. I forgive thee all my wounds, and all my sorrows. Thee hast, perhaps, had enough of thy own. But, why didst thou suffer poor Hackney to hunt town and country after thee so long? Where didst thee hide thy misery all that time?

Indeed, sir—(said Fanny, raising her head but still shutting her eyes) indeed, I was not quite abandoned. I was a solitary wretch who wept in
secret

secret. Even now, though poverty drove me to seek shelter in this place, I have never been able to adopt the example of my associates; and, had it not been for the disinterested bounty of one good gentleman on the *Green*, I must certainly have starved.

Of one gentleman (cried Matilda, in great confusion). Pray what is his name?

Mr. Henry Hewit, madam, answered Fanny. This good man it was who saw me unable to pursue the usual practises of my condition, and took care to provide me with the necessaries of life ever since my sickness, and I have been very ill—indeed I have.

I am

I am easy, said Matilda; Mr. Henry Hewit is an angel. I, I thought it was him.

But art sick *now*, naughty Fan, (said Oldblade, drawing up gently the head of her cloak round her neck.) Well, well, but are you sure it was Mr. Henry Hewit that—

Here Henry himself came into the room to show me how well he looked in his old working clothes. He was just beginning to shake his trowel and flourish his apron, when Fanny started up and exclaimed—Good God! my benefactor is here. Bless him! bless him!

Lookee, Master Henry, said the soldier, I have no knees, and so I
can't

can't cleverly come down upon them; but, with all the small shot which have passed through and through these arms, I can, with some pain, (which I don't heed) lift them up to you, as I have often lifted them up to God Almighty, to thank you for the care you have taken of my poor stray daughter.

Daughter! (exclaimed Henry, throwing his trowel on the floor) and have I been all this time protecting the daughter of my friend and superior, Master Oldblade, without knowing it? Ah! Miss Fanny, did not I tell you things would turn out better than you imagined? Poor soul, your Honour, she said, she *wanted* to be a good girl but nobody would give her

her the *means*, however, said she to me, I have broke my mother and father's heart, and so what becomes of me does not signify.

My splinter of a shoulder must hurt thy naughty face, Fan; stay, huffey, and let me make thee a bit of a pillow thus, said the father, who took off an old silk handkerchief from his neck, and spread it for the cheek of his daughter.

Not give thee the *means* to be a good girl, says I—(continued Hewit). What! and are you obliged to be wicked *against your will*? Here's a world for you, said I.—So upon this, your Honour, I gave her a little of that which was of no use to me, and

178 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
she promised me she would live in my
house when I got into the Trades-
man's-Corner, and keep me tight and
clean—but, don't you suppose,
Master Oldblade, that, because of
this, and because I am not quite an
old fellow, that—that I—

Stop, stop, Henry, stop, (hol-
lowed, with all his force, Mr. Old-
blade)—don't say a word more.
Don't say any thing that must make
me cut your throat. If you could
suppose I thought Henry Hewit
capable—

Capable, father—Oh! he is—the
most—

I won't be praised, I won't have
foolish fancies said to me, Miss Fan-
ny—

ny—Give me your hand—If your father says I may kiss your lips, why I'll kiss them in the face of his Honour and the company, and there's an end on't. Here's a noise, indeed, about nothing.

Kiss the naughty hussy, if thee wilt, Henry, answered Oldblade, but I wish I may be damned if the pain of a cannon ball made such a puling baby of me as I am at this minute. I wish I may be damned if it did.

Henry was advancing to Fanny, who, blushing ten thousand graces, lifted up her head and looked at the company, as if she begged us not to think of her too hardly.

Good as you are, Master Hewit, (cried Oldblade, in an extacy) she is my daughter, she is my own dear naughty Fanny, and I have a right to have the first kiss. Hufsey (continued he almost sobbing) how dare you lift your head from my neck till I bid you?

Don't, don't, don't be so kind, fir. You will kill me, said Fanny. You will break my heart.

And mine too, I protest, said Matilda.

I will go stop the crack in your Honour's chimnies, said Henry (who kissed Fanny's hand as it lay on her father's bosom and then went out.)

Will

Will your Honour permit, said Oldblade, this naughty girl to have a little room in the house which your kind heart is about to give an old foldier? She shan't stay, I promise you, if—if—if—

Oh Father—Father! said Fanny. Spare, spare me.

Go together, honest fellow, said I, and take thy daughter not only to thy house but to thy heart. I will be with thee presently.

Master Oldblade, (said Mr. Seabrooke, who had been all the time in great agitation) you and your daughter Fanny, and your friend Hewit, have given me some pretty severe pangs, for which I shall love

all three of you while I have breath
in my body.

While Seabrooke was saying this, Matilda was busy in adjusting the discomposed cheeks, hair, and hood of Fanny. She wiped the tears from her eyes with her own handkerchief. She smoothed the locks that hung disordered, and then said to me, in a whisper, that she thought it would look like a little *sanction* which the poor dear seemed to deserve, if I would permit *her* to go across the *Green* with Fanny. Then, you know, papa, said she, none of the people will dare to think ill of her.

Charmed with so exquisite, and,
alas! so uncommon a mark of female
huma-

humanity, I left my permission with a kiss upon the mouth that graced the proposal. Upon which Matilda ran to the glass to put on her little straw hat, and then said, now *Captain* Oldblade, I am ready to conduct you and Fanny to your new house. I know the nearest way.

The father of Fanny stood amazed, and Fanny herself was covered with crimson. Such was the wonderful effect of that great surprize—the seeing one woman truly feel for another. With much intreaty, Fanny was persuaded to lay her trembling arm within that of Matilda's, who seemed to be *ostentatious* of her acquaintance, and in that manner they left the Mansion-house.

What an adventure hath here been; and how are the events of this life brought to pass, my friend, said I to Mr. Seabrooke!

Good evening to you, Sir Benjamin, answered Seabrooke, I am going to bed.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, my friend?

As every thing I can possibly see, betwixt this and bed-time, said Seabrooke, must be poor in the comparison, I shall only blunt the divine edge of my present sensations, by staring at *ordinary occurrences*, and so I am resolved to shut myself up from

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 185

from further interruption till a new day.

I humoured his characteristick peculiarity, and we parted.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLII.

CONTAINING A DUEL WHICH FEW
READERS COULD FORESEE.

FINDING myself left alone in the midst of such voluptuous reflections, I walked forth to meet my daughter on her return, that we might share them together: I found her within a few yards of the Mansion-house, coming to me with full speed to tell me, that she left Oldblade and Fanny in the arms of each other. Yes, papa, said she, and there the poor dear lies blushing, while the foldier chides and kisses her; at parting, Fanny lifted up her streaming eyes, and cried out in such a voice as made *me* weep too—Oh! Miss Matilda, Miss Matilda, were there many women.

THE NEW PARADISE LOST. 187

women like you, there would be more female virtue, and fewer guilty wretches like Fanny Oldblade. Lord, papa, is it so very extraordinary to behave kind to one's own sex?

What right have you to call yourself names huffey, there are worse than you yet, said her father? So, seeing the old fellow going to warm something in a little sauce-pan on the fire, which, he said, was a cordial to *him* in the worst of times, and would be so to the naughty huffey, who was nevertheless, he said, his own flesh and blood. Then I came away, papa, to make you and Mr. Seabrooke happy.

Mr. Seabrooke, my dear, said I, is so happy already that he is gone to bed.

"To eat in dreams the custard of the day,"

I sup-

I suppose, replied Matilda in the liveliest manner, applying a line from her favourite poet.

Then let us eat ours, my dear, said I, in the *wood*, broad awake; it is, you see, one of the finest evenings we could wish, and "seems as it were
"sent to invite the world abroad," answered Matilda, using another quotation from a different author.

Heighty, toity, child you are quite poetical to night.

Quite poetical, papa, Lord who can help it? Poetry, I have heard say, was first invented when the heart was too happy to be contented with prose. I declare I could now repeat half the verses of *Pope* and *Shenstone*, till the
2 village

village should re-echo with beautiful verses.

Oh! brave! Why then you are in the best humour in the world for an evening's walk in the wood? Every leaf and flower will, at this time of the night, furnish a gay heart with a rhyme, a simile, or a sentiment.

Yes, papa, but I have prettier things than leaves and flowers to make me poetical at present. Fanny Oldblade, never saw Mr. Danby. There, papa, is news for you, Fanny Oldblade never saw Mr. Danby.

How have you found that out, Matilda? Oh! oh! let girls alone to find out secrets, papa. But I will tell you all about it; you must know that, when the women came first to town,
poor

190 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,

poor Fanny was so ill as scarce to hold her head up, and was obliged to keep in bed while the other women went about. One of them, told Mr. Danby, they had a sick friend at home who could not stir out, upon which, Mr. Danby put his hand into his pocket and gave them five guineas—only think, papa, of five guineas—to buy proper comforting things for her; but the cruel creatures kept all the money, and Fanny never knew at all of the affair till her father, who was present at the time, asked her, if *she* was not the person who received five guineas from Mr. Danby. I have received no money, said she, father, since I have been in this part of the world, except from Mr. Hewit, who totally supported me, and—Fanny,

ny, papa, was going on with her speech when I ran up to her and kissed her cheek ten times over.

But why, Matilda, did you take that fit of fondness in your head, just at that crisis?

Why, just then? Oh! Heavens, papa! How can you ask such a question? I will assure you, papa, I loved her from that moment better than ever; so, without talking any more, let us listen to the musick of the groves:

“ Ye flowing Plains, ye breezy Woods,

“ Ye Bowers and gay Alcoves,

“ Ye falling Streams, ye silver Floods,

“ Ye Grottoes and ye Groves!”

Upon my word, Matilda, you tag every tenth word with a rhyme.

We

We were by this time wandering arm and arm in *Shenstone-Wood*, and, propensely, deviated into such paths as were least frequented; but one would think, that this forest was fated to produce an adventure as often as ever I entered it. The curfew was just flinging its sound through the trees, when all of a sudden, we distinctly heard a voice coming from the left, pronouncing these words. Sir, the clock strikes, it is the moment promised; I am glad to see you so exact. The next moment, we heard a reply to this, in the clashing of swords, which denoted a very obstinate engagement. I am a bad swordsman, sir, cried some one; then make use of your pistols, sir, replied another. In a minute after, two pistols were dif-

discharged—Mr. Danby ! exclaimed some person, you are wounded, the blood is upon your shirt. I feel it not, replied Danby, load again, fir.

To prevent any further mischief, I would now have rushed forwards, but my poor child had fainted at my feet, and I was struggling to get her up into my arms. Meanwhile the combatants again fired, and a voice directly exclaimed, *My God !* he drops ; Desist, fir, desist, he is at the point of death.

The shriek, which the wretched Matilda now gave, went at once through her father's heart, and alarmed the persons who occasioned it. Two of them came rushing through the bushes, and one, whose name the

192 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
reader need scarce be told, fell down
at the feet of Matilda, and cursed
himself as the cause.

As if sensible to his touch, she
opened her eyes, and cried out—Ah!
Danby, what have you been doing?
But you are safe, and I am happy.
Here she dropped suddenly on her
knee, and remained in that posture
some time without speaking.

Though I dared not intimate my
fears, I saw Mr. Danby's danger,
against whose bosom I pressed my
handkerchief to stop the blood, which,
in despite of all my efforts, was flow-
ing over his shirt. But, just as I was
going to whisper my apprehensions to
a man who thus forgot his wounds in
the embraces of his mistress—em-

braces which I did not attempt to hinder—another person came forward, who said he had extracted the ball from the side and groin of Mr. Sidney.

Mr. Sidney, exclaimed I, and was Mr. Sidney the antagonist of Mr. Danby !

Look-you, my patron, replied Mr. Elixir—for it was he who attended as surgeon—neither Mr. Sidney, nor Mr. Danby, can possibly die while they are under my care, and as to the rest, though I do not know what they fought upon, I know they fought like two eagles.

Mr. Danby now began to feel his loss of blood, and I made shift to give Elixir the cue to lead him off

to examine his wound, without its being suspected by Matilda. Danby had already buttoned up his coat and waistcoat to prevent suspicion; but the livid paleness, which came suddenly over his countenance, warned him it was time to get away. Yet, even in the midst of his agony, his principal care was how to do this, so as not too much to alarm Matilda: assuming therefore a chearful countenance, and calling into it a smile, he cried—Well, Sir Benjamin, we have had our frolick, and can only say, that it is to you and your fair daughter, to whom we are indebted for the life of one or both of us; for Mr. Sidney and I were both so full of our diversion, that we should certainly have gone on to the end of the chapter

chapter had not your interruption saved us. The cause of the quarrel you shall hear, sir, to-morrow. In the mean time it is unnecessary to enjoin silence, lest we should give to the idlers of *Shenstone-Green* too delicate a subject for conversation.

At the end of this speech he took off his hat with a trembling hand, and walked out of the wood very slowly, under the support of his two seconds. Mr. Elixir followed him by another path, telling us that Mr. Sidney was carried off by his friends, and would run no risque of a discovery. Elixir skipped about in triumph.

Perceiving Matilda on the edge of a relapse, I took her in my arms, and blessed the dusk of the night which enabled me to conceal the whole matter.

CHAP. XLIII.

WHICH IS NECESSARY TO THE
NARRATIVE.

IT is not easy to conceive the terrour
in the alteration of my poor daughter's
spirits from their late elevation; and as I
was obliged to sit up with her the whole
night, I congratulated myself in the midst
of my grief, that Seabrooke was in bed; for
Matilda was so confident that her friend and
instructor, Seabrooke, would disapprove her
passion for Danby, she had never once
suffered his name to be hinted, and it had
always fallen out, hitherto, that when the
young man came to the Mansion-house, Seabrooke

was absent. Early the next morning Mr. Elixir came to inform us, that both the combatants were in a fair way, and that Mr. Danby had been to visit Mr. Sidney, when the quarrel had like to have been renewed for a very trifling reason, namely, by a dispute which arose about the propriety of Mr. Danby, *or* Mr. Sidney's beginning the explanation which each esteemed due to their patron. It is right, said Mr. Sidney, that Sir Benjamin should be fully informed of our mistake, lest he should suppose we were wantonly invading the tranquillity of his village; but for *me* to tell the story would be—

And if you do *not* tell it, Mr. Sidney, replied Danby, we must have

have another meeting, for, on my part, situated as I am in the family, it would be gross indelicacy to speak first.

But how did it *end*, Mr. Apothecary, said Matilda, rising up in her bed—How did it end?

It ended, madam, (replied Elixir) giving a skip, and snapping his fingers—just as it should do; for a lady at that time coming into the chamber—

A lady! said Matilda, agitated—into whose chamber did that lady—

Mr. Sidney's, to be sure, madam, answered Elixir—a lady, I say, at that time entering the chamber, ran to the bed-side, and cried out, Oh!

Sidney, I heard of your situation notwithstanding all your caution!

And knowing, madam, as you do the nice feelings of Sidney (said this gentleman) how have you had the imprudence to make the matter still more mysterious by this extraordinary visit?

Extraordinary visit, Mr. Sidney, what, when I did not know but you were breathing your last?

And if I had your delicate circumspection should have survived the very life of Sidney, Miss Elliot.

Miss Elliot, did you say, cried Matilda, was that the lady—Oh! heavens! go on, dear Mr. Elixir, go on.

Matilda

Matilda took hold of the apothecary's hand, and smiled. I smiled too perhaps from a very different idea. Mr. Elixir proceeded.

A short altercation ensued between all parties, and when Miss Elliot understood the whole story, she advised, that Mr. Sidney should dictate while she wrote, and that Mr. Danby and he should mutually sign the paper, which was then to be sent by me, as surgeon, confident, and witness.

And where is that paper, said I, Mr. Elixir? There, sir, it is, said the apothecary. I will leave it with you, and give the finishing stroke to the recovery of my patients.

Lose no time, cried Matilda; and pray, Mr. Elixir, do you know that,
if

202 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
if you cut across Pleasant-Pastures,
and leave the Tradesman's-Corner as
much as possible to the left, you will
get there in a trice; and save near a
quarter of a mile by it. But,

“ Still your finger on your lips I pray.

I was very glad to hear poetry re-
turning upon Matilda.

As to that, madam, answered Elixir,
I have been too infamous a little vil-
lain already not to take care of my
tongue for the future.

Saying this, he set off, with one of
his bounds, for the house of Mr. Sid-
ney; and, as Mr. Seabrooke had not
yet come from his chamber, I gave
Matilda an opportunity to rise, which
she did almost in a moment; and
then

then she ran to a little summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where we opened the paper of explanation.

C H A P. XLIV.

THE PARTICULARS OF THE DUEL
EXPLAINED.

THE substance of this was, that Messrs. Danby and Sidney, being in company together, the conversation turned upon the beauties of *Shenstone-Green*, the principal and the most accomplished of whom, Mr. Sidney insisted, was the object of *his* affections. Mr. Danby hereupon asserted with equal fervour, that as he did not conceive there was more than one unmarried lady in the village,

lage, who could be esteemed *perfect*, he imagined he had a right to ask the name of the other's favourite? Sidney's scrupulous delicacy, being hurt at this idea, he protested that none but his Maker and himself should ever know the least syllable that might lead to the detection of so sacred a circumstance; suffice it to say, added he, that it is impossible for Mr. Danby to mistake the person, who maintains her superiority over every other work of animated nature. Mr. Danby immediately caught fire, and warned Sidney to take care how any passion, *he* might indulge, met a powerful rival in a man, who was not any more than himself able to bear a divided

206 SHENSTONE-GREEN; OR,
divided affection. It appears then,
said Mr. Sidney, that we love the
same person. It is impossible that
it should be *otherwise*, replied Danby,
for you frankly confess there is no
second person whose comparative at-
tractions can—

No, sir, replied Sidney, the object
of my affections as much surpasses
every other on the *Green*, as—

Then there is no occasion for
similes or allusions, sir, rejoined
Danby; it is clear we have the
misfortune to love the same lady;
it only remains to examine the pro-
gress of our respective passions, and
to settle accordingly. *My* passion, sir,
continued Danby, has been touched
with

with the utmost delicacy, so as not to distress the innocent heart of my mistress.

As to delicacy, Mr. Danby, said the other, I believe it will be allowed, by the lady herself, that mine not only exceeds that of Mr. Danby, but even her own.

Sir, I shall not admit your opinion in *either* instance, and, I have reason to think my delicacy, and my application, more agreeable to the lady than those of Mr. Sidney.

Piqued at this, Sidney demanded of his friend, if he would quit his pretensions without further expostulation?

Never, never, fir, answered Danby, while I have the power of these arms to defend them.

Then, fir, cried Sidney, such defence will be necessary directly. We must settle it without delay.

The paper of explanation acquainted us further, that, after Mr. Sidney had uttered this sentence, Mr. Danby and he called on Mr. Elixir, and one or two more friends, to settle the dispute in the wood. Matilda and I got there soon after, and from *our* arrival, to the time of the separation of the whole party, particulars have been already described to the reader.

It was not till after the discharge of their pistols, that they came to
the

the simple truth of the whole matter; namely, that they had fought very bravely to no purpose, and that the fair picture, which each had drawn of his mistress, did not belong to one woman, but equally to Eliza and Matilda. The whole only served to prove, that

“ The lip of the nymph we admire,
“ Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.”

Well, Matilda, said I (when we had seen this account) what do you think of this business?

Shall I be ingenuous, papa, replied she? As ingenuous as is convenient, my dear. Why then, papa, since all the danger is over, and both are in a very fair way, I own I shall not be sorry at this new instance of Mr. Danby's affection, when I know he

is no longer in pain. But only think of my fly friend, Eliza, papa; I will be whipped if I ever suspected the matter, and yet now I think of it, her queerness about Mr. Sidney—

Come, come, Matilda, said I, *you* are as fly as your friend Eliza. Here are you, every hour almost, with that sagacious whistler, Mr. Seabrooke, and he does not so much as suspect that—

Hush, hush, cried Matilda—Mr. Seabrooke is now just coming to us. Look, how he strides along the grass-plat, flourishing his garters, and looking to see how much fun he shall have to day!

Thus terminated an unpromising scene very pleasingly.

END OF VOL. II.

